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THE SINNER AND THE PROBLEM.

By ERIC PARKER.

CHAPTER IV.

A CERTAIN sadness had come upon the Sinner. Indefinable it might be, and capricious; for there were times when I found him no whit the more melancholy than he was on the day when I first saw him. But without doubt there was a change, and now and then, as the pair of them left me at the sound of the bell, especially in the half-hour before evening-prayer, I fancied I saw an anxious look flit across the Sinner's face, and uneasy glances exchanged between him and the Problem. Of course, there were certain hours of each afternoon set aside for games in which the whole school, and sometimes mine host himself, joined; and during these games I saw nothing of either boy. But in the odd half-hours sprinkled throughout the day they came with marvellous regularity; and with the one standing behind me and the other prone on the grass I must have painted, I suppose, long enough to have finished a good half-dozen pictures.

But it seemed to me that some depression had clouded the gay spirit of the smaller boy, which communicated itself in turn to the Problem; for the Sinner was a being of the merriest moods, and I declare I have laughed in his company at things

over which I would not have supposed even a conventional smile possible. I thought, too, that I detected a certain difference in the manner in which they were wont to seek out the place where the white of my easel and board showed through the trees. I had bethought me of painting a set of sketches to present to mine host on leaving him (a matter I would have wished to postpone indefinitely, so kindly did he and his lady put up with my presence), and I was busy in drawing the house from whatever points framed best the old turret and the ivy on the walls. Before this uneasy mood came upon them they would search me out with laughter. I could hear long before I caught sight of the Problem's tattered straw hat and the small frayed knickerbockers; but now they came silently, running as often as not, and glancing behind them as though they feared a following, though as a matter of fact few of the others had given my box and me more than a passing criticism. Nor was this owing to any prohibition of their presence; for mine host, when once I had convinced him that I was not annoyed by such graceless companions, had expressed himself mightily pleased that the Sinner had found so harmless an occupation as staring at my paints, and hoped (he was a broad-minded man) that there

might be made an artist of him, knowing the boy's propensities for the decoration of things great and small: as to the Problem, he assured me that there was something of genius in that towzled head, could one but get it out of him; so I allowed the younger boy to make use of my box and brushes and any odd scraps of paper he could find, the while the other lay beside us both, concerned with I know not what odd imaginings.

Now I fancied I might have discovered the key to this mystery when one day I noticed among the trees the figure of another boy, taller than either of these, who shifted his glance as I turned, and occupied himself with carving on the bark of a large ash. True, had it not been for the Sinner's unwonted silence and the anxious gaze which the Problem sent in that direction, I might have decided that some one, too shy to satisfy his curiosity by a nearer inspection, was still interested enough in the fact of a painter making a picture of his familiar school-house. But it seemed possible that here was some big person owing an impertinent youngster a grudge, and cowardly enough to wreak his vengeance in odd corners unseen of mine host and his myrmidons. However, I had gained sufficient knowledge of the character of both of these other boys to believe that neither had fear of any man living, much less of a school-fellow possessing a face the Sinner could reach up to. And then it was that the Sinner put me on the right scent.

One evening the figure had followed them as far as the ash-tree, and then stopped and out with his knife as usual. The Sinner stood in silence, watching me and drawing his breath rather quickly. I wondered what might be coming. Then he spoke, and the Problem plucked at

a primrose. "Could you lend me threepence?"

Now may my money-pot ever have a hole in it, but I stared at him! Something in his face, however, sent my hand to my waistcoat-pocket in a hurry; I believe he thought I might refuse. Luckily I found coppers there, and dropped three into a small palm I found somewhere near me; and the Problem stopped eating his primrose. The Sinner stood behind me still, but he did not say anything. I should think it was a minute (during which I busied myself with some strange mixture of Hooker and Vandyck that never found its way to paper) before he turned and walked quickly to the school. Then a tall figure slid out from behind the ash-tree and slowly followed him.

The Problem remained with me. After a little he looked up. "He didn't thank you, did he?"

I said that no doubt he was grateful in reality.

"He meant to, though; he was very grateful. He was waiting, you see, and then I suppose he forgot."

"Waiting for what?" I asked.

"He thought you would ask him what he wanted it for; that was why he went away so soon."

"I see," said I, and took up my brushes. When I looked round, I was alone, and the Problem half way to the school, running as fast as his legs could carry him. And all this pother about threepence! However I determined to question him when he came on the morrow, and get to the bottom of things.

But the Sinner did not come the next day after all, nor the day after, no, nor till near a week later, and only then after certain happenings. At first I imagined him ill, but if so it was strange that I saw nothing of the Problem. Besides, I was soon shown to be wrong on that point, for

mine hostess over the teacups asked me to congratulate her on the cleanest bill of health she had been able to show these three years,—not a boy with so much as a surfeit for six weeks past! Wherefore I could only set down their absence as voluntary, and was the more perplexed. And verily the pair might have deserted me from that day onward, for all I know to the contrary, had it not been that the merest chance put me in possession of the key to all this riddling and mystification. It fell out in this way.

The primroses were not yet over, and I had discovered a convenient little corner among some birch and chestnut trees, which gave me a hill of pale flowers for a foreground and the school-house in the middle distance. I was wending my way thither one morning, and was looking for the marks of my camp-stool, when I spied alongside the trunk of a felled oak a small book, open, and intended apparently for the pocket. As I picked it up I noticed that it seemed to contain records of various money-transactions, and absently ran my eye along a few lines of the page before me. This was headed with the name of a boy, in the upper part of the school, with whom I had, as with many, a nodding acquaintance, and from what I made out he had borrowed a couple of shillings a week ago, the debt now standing at the sum of two-and-fourpence. That was a pleasant rate of interest! I turned over a few more pages, idly curious, and found that this was no solitary instance of indebtedness, but that the owner seemed to have carried on a regular system of lending out small moneys at interest, the debts mostly, as I saw, unpaid. And then I suddenly bethought me to look for the name of the Sinner; sure enough, there it was.

He had borrowed a shilling five weeks ago. By this usurer's system it now amounted to one-and-tenpence, but somehow that had become reduced to one-and-seven, by reason of a payment on account. And when I found the entry *First instalment, 3d.*, and noted that it coincided with the date on which I had lent the Sinner his three coppers, I began to believe I had found some sort of a solution for the difficulty, for of course this publican could be no other than my tall friend of the ash-tree and convenient pocket-knife.

I put that book in my pocket and set up my easel. I suppose I must have painted for more than an hour, perhaps, when the Publican came into the distance. He seemed a little overset at sight of me, I thought, but presently approached his oak-trunk by a circuitous route, wasting time (so far as I was concerned) for I had made up my mind how I should deal with him. When he had satisfied himself that the book was not there, he looked at me inquiringly for a moment, but was for moving off. "Have you lost anything?" I inquired politely.

The Publican turned in mid-stride. "A small book," he said; "nothing of any consequence. I thought I might have left it here."

"Is this it?" said I, holding it up. His face lit in recognition. "Yes; where did you find it?"

"On the ground, there;" but I did not offer to return it.

He took a few paces forward, a little uncertainly. "Thank you very much. It's of no consequence, of course, only it's awkward losing things, isn't it?"

"Very," said I. "Do you want it back?"

"Thank you. It has some—dates in it."

Still I did not do more than hold it

in my left hand, the further from him. He had no choice but to come nearer, and I added a few touches to the greens in my foreground.

"That's very good," he said, pointing at my picture. "Any one would know the school from that."

A critic! It enraged me almost more than his note-book. I painted on for a little, and leant back to judge effects. "Don't you think the finder of a valuable work like this deserves a reward?" I asked slowly.

I think he became suspicious then. At least he began to weigh his words. "A reward? I—I don't quite understand. If I could oblige you in any way, you know."

"Yes, oh yes," said I; "I think you could. For instance," I went on, "you might answer me some questions."

"About the school?" he asked tentatively.

"In a way; yes, about—about the school." I believe I must have painted for five minutes without speaking. I was enjoying myself immensely; to be sure, it was pure bullying, but I meant it to be. He was a slouching, thick-mouthed person, of a large, cat-like gait as he walked. "Come," I said at last, "are you not going to tell me anything?"

"Why don't you give me my book?" he answered, but without much spirit.

"I was thinking of handing it over to the authorities." At this he started slightly, and I let him think it over. "Now this money, I suppose, was lent fairly and squarely?"

"It was my own money. I don't suppose I shall get it all back."

"You haven't the book yet. Don't you think that twopence per shilling per week is—going it a little strong?"

"They agreed to pay it," he said sulkily, rubbing a leg.

"It isn't allowed to lend or borrow money at all, is it?" I asked. This was a bow at a venture. He did not answer, and I made a rough calculation. "Those left-hand pages show the original amount lent?" He nodded. "Supposing that some one were to pay you the sum of the left-hand pages' account, would you consider it satisfactory?"

He hesitated. "I don't see what it has to do with you."

"I've got the book," said I grimly. And I began again on my primroses.

"You've no right to keep it," he said at last. "If I were to complain about it—"

"Oh, very well," I answered, replacing the book in my pocket; "then we need not discuss the matter further."

He saw that he had made a false move, and hastened to repair damages. "I didn't mean exactly that," he stammered.

"I thought not," replied I. "Come, what do you say? Money down and no more lending, or—" I guessed a probable effect.

"All right," he interposed, not unwillingly now.

"Of course I must have a written receipt, with names and amounts." I handed him a paper and pencil. "Now I will dictate," I said somewhat unsteadily, for the situation was getting too much for me, who love to laugh, the oftener the better.

Presently he held out the paper, signed for the full amount, and I paid him the money. "Of course I keep the book," I said. But he stood jingling the coins from one hand to the other. I am sure he was pleased to see the colour of them; he smiled in the contemplation. "You've no idea how difficult it was to get that twopence a week," he remarked confidentially.

Heavens! I believe I stood and

shouted at him. And he was off at a hand-gallop, and I in a roar of wrath and laughter.

In the evening I saw the Problem in the distance, and called to him. "Problem," I said, "what does this mean? Where is the Sinner?"

He thought for a minute. "Do you want him?" he asked.

"I do," said I. "Why has he not come before?"

He hesitated. "He will come if I tell him he must."

"Tell him that I wish to see him upon a matter of business," I said solemnly. He walked away slowly, and soon I saw them both coming towards me.

The Sinner came up behind me, and I turned and looked at him. "Where have you been all this time, I should like to know?" I asked. But the Sinner was silent, and the Problem took up the tale. "He wanted to come: we both did; but he hadn't got the threepence for you, and he thought you would ask for it. You see, he has threepence a week pocket-money, and he meant to bring you it at the end of the week, only he broke a window that evening, and that was a month's pocket-money gone, so he knew he could never bring it."

"I see," said I. "It is a serious matter to get into debt, isn't it?" But just then the Sinner was looking so earnestly at the hills in the distance that I turned to the Problem without appearing to notice that I got no answer. The effect when I produced the book was extraordinary. The Problem stood wide-eyed and breathless. "Did you find it?"

"I bought it," said I, and handed him the receipt.

He only half understood it. "Will the boys owe it to you, then? And you won't charge interest?"

I disclaimed any intention of applying for payment. The magnifi-

cence of this action almost dumfounded the Problem, but he recovered himself after a prolonged examination of the receipt, and hinted that when this became known there would probably be sent a deputation to thank me. This I said I must courteously but firmly refuse to receive; and he stood there looking from the paper at me and back again.

Still I did not understand everything. For instance, why had the Sinner borrowed only threepence? The other hastened to explain. "You see, the pocket-money for the week before ought to have been paid, only he bought a little knife with it from a shop. And he wouldn't believe that, so he followed us about, so we thought perhaps you would lend it till the end of the week."

"But then, I suppose the next week's pocket-money was due in the same way?"

"Yes; he would have begun to follow us again on Monday."

"And what would you have done then?"

"Well, you see, we thought you might be going before long, and he couldn't have begun again till the next threepence was due, so we thought that just for that time he would let us alone."

"And when the money went for the window?"

"We didn't know what to do then. Of course, some boys could write home, but we haven't either of us got any parents,—at least, the Sinner's got an aunt, but she hardly counts, I should think, because I've seen her, and she doesn't tip you and that sort of thing. Then, you see, he said he couldn't come and see you paint, because you might ask when he was going to pay you the threepence, and he knew he couldn't pay it. I don't get any pocket-money, of course," he added.

"And if I had gone away before now?"

"Well, we hoped you wouldn't; we used to look in at the dining-room windows to see if your place was laid for lunch; and then you can tell if anyone is going in the afternoon by going round to the stables."

"But then, if you were to pay threepence a week, and the interest was twopence in the shilling, you could really only knock off a penny."

The Problem thought for a minute. "I suppose so," he said. "He never borrowed any money before, though, so he didn't know that."

"Wouldn't it have been better to have told all about it to begin with?"

He looked doubtful. "You see, he thought you might have told the masters. And then *he* would have said—"

"I see," said I.

Just then the bell gave a preliminary tinkle, and I held out a hand to the Sinner, to wish him good-night; but he was still blinking at the sunset, and I turned again to my easel. When I looked up they had vanished.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN mine host bought the old manor-house to make it into a school for such as the Sinner and the Problem, with the Publican to bully them, and the Chief Butler and the Other Man to help him drill empty heads into an understanding of algebra and Cicero, he took the park with it, under his deed of conveyance, or whatever be the name these lawyers set to that in language not understood of the people. Part of this park he turned into a level field for cricket and football in season, and fenced off a part for hay; and the deer he sold in a pack to a retired soap-boiler, who looked on their dappled flanks with pride from a

brand-new French window, having carted them in couples under a net twenty miles away for the greater part of a week.

By one side of the cricket-field ran a path bordering the park. It was long and winding, narrowed to half its original width by encroaching laurels and rhododendrons, and unless the sun was in the zenith little warmth came to the moss-coated gravel with which it was covered, though here and there at evening were mellow green patches of light that found passage through the branches. At intervals tall oaks and ashes stood up from the even mass of leaves, and beneath these were wooden seats to fit the tree-trunks, grey and lichen-spotted.

Once or twice, because I was lazier than I should have been, I lighted my pipe and strolled along this walk, resolutely dismissing the subject of idle brushes and empty paper. For I am one who finds no truer summary of the nature that is in many of us than this confession of a great writer, that whenever anything assumed the form of a duty, he found himself incapable of discharging it; and I have felt my only plan on these occasions of rebellion to be voluntary laziness, a kind of truancy. Nor does my art pursue me with cries of *Come back*, nor with any shout that she has a tawse for me behind the easel: she comes to me wooing, and I run back to kiss her; but she comes to me silent, and looks in my face, and perforce I am her lover again and no truant any more. That is a true love, after all; and as for those who do set themselves to the chase, driving an unwilling pencil where it would not go, rather than work as who must because of the love that calls,—to Jericho with them!

And twice as I walked alone, with no company but my pipe, and a

cuckoo in the tree, perhaps, and the noises of the cricket-field coming through the laurels, I met there the figure of a lady: grey-haired she was, but upright and tall, and with a frightened look on her face as she met me; yet I thought I spied disappointment in her eyes, as if I might have been another. Twice I turned a corner and met her thus, and twice with some apology (I know not what) she turned back again, and I also, for the path was narrow as I have said. One thing I noticed, and that was a small basket on her arm (much as Red Riding-Hood carries her basket of butter and eggs and what not in the pictures), and I guessed at some shopping in the town, for the path led through a gate to the high-road, and there was a town some miles distant where mine hostess had her custom; but it must have been a long walk, and dusty too, to look at her, poor lady. I was wrong; she never came from the town, but she had walked far notwithstanding, as I found out later.

One hot day in June I met her again and heard all about her. It was perhaps a fortnight after my first meeting with the Lady of the Lake, and that had been an unsettled fortnight for me, who ought to have known better; but I had dragged my easel and all else I needed three times down to the lake and had set eyes on nothing but the water and the trees. Once, indeed, I saw (or fancied I saw) the flutter of a straw hat and flowers by the house door, but I may have been mistaken; and at least the Lady of the Lake seemed little anxious to extend her acquaintance with me, if she knew I was there and painting. Three sketches I made, and slapped my thigh for two of them, because I had meant her this time to praise, if she saw my work, and wanted no more references to a lake fit only to drown in.

And then, on an afternoon when the sun was dipping to the trees and the boys were merry over some game of cricket in the field, I saw the poor lady again. Again the dust was heavy on her dress, and still she carried her little basket with care, and again she started and turned back as I met her. And this time, because she walked as if she were tired, and there were lines on her face and the same disappointment in her eyes, I made so bold as to follow her quickly and ask if I could do anything for her. Perhaps, I hazarded, she wished to see some one, or to make an inquiry; but she hardly looked at me as she answered. "I do not think so," she said, "thank you." She was walking away quickly, when suddenly she stopped. "Are you one of the masters?" she asked.

I, the laziest of men! I hastened to explain that I was not. She looked disappointed again, and I added that I knew both the masters, for that matter; did she wish to see either?

"No," she said; "it was one of the boys I wished to see. I wrote to him a short time ago that I should be here to-day; I had something to give him. He is sure to come, though; I would not have mentioned it,—I am his mother," she added inconsequently.

"But it is getting late," I suggested. I explained that I knew some of the boys and could send her son to her. And I asked her to give me his name. When I discovered that it was the Publican, my friend of the usury-system and the note-book, I began to see daylight; and I began to be much interested in his mother.

The Sinner and the Problem I had noticed a while ago setting in my direction,—one, I doubted not, with a plausible explanation for the end of his innings, and the other without it—and just then I heard their voices beyond the turn of the walk. For a moment I thought of sending one of

them in search of the Publican, but decided to reserve the business for myself, because I wished to make sure of a meeting. They stopped when they saw I was not alone, and would have made off, I fancy; but I needed them to carry out other plans of mine. "Here are two of the boys," I said; "they will wait with you while I am away."

I saw a glance of recognition pass between the pair, which was explained to me afterwards. Then the Sinner advanced with outstretched hand.

"You are one of my son's friends, I expect," she said, and smiled at him in a way that made me haste to be off; I was fairly itching to get at this usurer.

"Yes," said the Sinner; and so I left them.

I found my quarry seated on a bench, attentively regarding a good-looking bat; he had picked it up a bargain. "New?" I asked.

"Yes; that is, I've just bought it. I think it's worth what I gave for it, too." He was a lusty hitter, this Publican, which perhaps accounted for his unquestioned position among his school-fellows.

"Let me look at it," said I; and, as he rose and began walking by me, I set away from the laurel-walk.

"Five-and-three-pence, I gave," he explained. "He wanted seven-and-six, but it isn't worth that,—second-hand, of course; it wants pegging here and there, too. I shouldn't wonder if it cost another two shillings to have it done up."

I demurred at this, and entered upon an estimate of the business, involving possible outlays of twopence and threepence, till he noticed no longer the direction I was taking. I made a final and comprehensive survey of the wood. "Do you know," said I at last, "I have some good news for you?"

"Won't it cost so much as that?" he asked unsuspiciously.

"Your mother is waiting for you in the shrubbery," I went on.

"Oh," said he, and had the grace to check himself on the point of stopping where he was. He began to fathom my unusual interest in his belongings, and I think determined to make the best of matters. "Is she really?" he asked with an air of surprise. "I had no idea of that."

"But she wrote and told you she would be there," said I.

"So she did," he replied, as if confused by the sudden recollection. "I had quite forgotten it; very stupid of me, wasn't it?"

"Very," I said. I remembered taking much the same advantage of this mealy-mouthed creature once before, and that set me drawing another bow at a venture. "She has written more than once," I went on slowly.

He began to look less at ease. "Of course, she doesn't quite understand how much time cricket takes up, and that sort of thing."

"It is a long walk here, though. Had you thought of that?"

He coloured. "I can't think why she does it," he grumbled. "If I were always going to meet her, I should be humbugged to death. I used to be called Apron-strings once, for that reason." That, then, was why the Sinner and the Problem recognised the Dusty Lady. "And now that I'm old enough to look after myself one would think—"

"She has brought a basket of things for you." I did not care if she had not, after all; but I declare he began to walk quite quickly. "Ah, that's from my brother, I expect; he's lame, you know."

"Lame?" asked I. Poor lady with the dusty dress!

"Yes; he had a fall when he was a baby. I'm glad I came," he went

on; "I should like to know how he is."

"And does he send the basket?"

"Well, he makes up the things into packets. It amuses him, you see; he hasn't much to do, of course."

"Does he often send them?"

"He hasn't for some time; that is, I don't think so. They're nothing very much, of course, only chocolates and that kind of stuff; but sometimes he sticks a shilling or something of that sort in them, just as a surprise, you know. I sent sixpence of it back, once."

"Did you, though?" said I. "I suppose you were pretty well off at the time." This was lost on him.

"Yes, that was the reason. But just now,—I wish I had known before," he said. "Usually he writes to say when he is sending a basket; I expect this was meant as a surprise."

"It is a long way for a walk," I remarked again. I did not know where he lived, but I remembered the look of the dust.

"She doesn't seem to think it so," he replied, and saw that he had gone too far. I had let him go, for that matter, but though I am the most peaceful of men, I was glad we were at the turn of the walk where I could hear the Sinner talking.

"Of course, letters do go wrong sometimes," he was saying. "My aunt once wrote a letter—"

But just then she caught sight of the Publican, and the Sinner and the Problem followed my eye and retreated rapidly in my direction.

"Oh my son, my son!" she cried. I could not help hearing it before we turned the corner.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Editors of this little book wish to first assure the reader that they have great sympathy with all the victims

whose names are inscribed within. But we think that in nine cases out of ten it has been thoroughly deserved. To prevent this little book from falling into the hands of unscrupulous persons we have referred to the victims by the use of numbers, the key of which can only be obtained from the Editors.

We are,

Yours faithfully,

THE EDITORS.

The boys had left some scraps of paper on which the Sinner had depicted some stirring scenes in the life of a Scots soldier, a person he was never tired of putting through his paces. I had lifted one of these studies (its kilted hero was engaged in piercing a Red Indian with a spear, the while he discharged countless bullets at a distant host of warriors), and underneath it lay a small book; there was no name on the cover, and I opened it supposing I had lit on a note-book,—Virgil made easy or Cicero simplified. The first page interested its reader, as an "unscrupulous person," sufficiently to court further exploration.

At 12.45 on February 17th no. 1 received a summons to the study. Upon knocking at the door he was told to come in and sit down on a chair. It appears he had been complained of by his formaster for being a thoroughly idle and good-for-nothing fellow and what had he to say for himself. As he could not think he was told to kneel upon the chair and was immediately aware of an excruciating pain which was caused by the collision of something he could not see. When this had been repeated four times he was told he might go and he hoped this would not occur again.

No. 14 on February 20th received four strokes of the bat. As this is the first time that a bat has been used in these painful scenes we wish to explain that the bat is a flat piece of wood somewhat like unto a brush. He was told that his form-master had reported him for thoroughly idle work in Euclid and he had no doubt from what he heard that this was true he departed much relieved as it was a cold day. Before

he left he heard the headmaster say he thought that would do meaning the bat this he did not deny.

Fiat experimentum, commented the Unscrupulus Person.

On March 3rd no. 8 was told to present himself at the head-master's door. This boy had placed a duck in a school-fellow's desk which flew out in school causing much merriment. He was told that this sort of thing must be put a stop to for it could not be allowed to go on as it upset the work of the class and must be put a stop to. The headmaster then rendered him five strokes of the bat.

No. 8 on March 14th was sent up to the headmaster and soundly breeched. He had been thoroughly idle and inattentive and if things went on in this way matters would come to a crisis as this could not go on.

On March 3rd no. 3 received six strokes. This fellow had been most unruly and insubordinate and had said to his formaster Speak up will yer when he was making a speech. As this was not the first time such things had occurred he was told he had better be careful as this was not at all the sort of thing that ought to occur as he was expected to do better than this.

No. 8 on April 1st was sent for at 10.45 as was expected considering he had peppered the headmaster's desk. This headmaster told him to wait as he was busy and when he had waited half-an-hour he came in and said Now sir what is the meaning of this? he was told to kneel upon the sofa and the headmaster took his dred instrument in hand but suddenly he said he might go this time and this must not occur again he departed thinking he was a decent chap the headmaster was laughing so he felt a fool.

Here there was a gap seemingly accounted for by the holidays.

"On May the forth no. 8."

The Sinner was running across the cricket-field as fast as his legs could carry him. The Unscrupulus Person laid the book on the ground by his side.

"Does a Scotchman—oh, have you read it?"

"I was wondering how you caught the duck, Sinner."

"Oh well, that was a long time ago. Does a Scotchman have a busby?"

"As a general rule," said the Unscrupulus Person, "a Scotchman does not have a busby, unless he happens to be a hussar or a horse-artillery man. The hairy thing he wears on his head is known as a feather-bonnet."

CHAPTER VII.

THE garden-boy's jackdaw had fallen ill of an inscrutable disease, and the Problem was called into consultation. He had something of a name as a physician, having bound up the coachman's canary's broken leg, so that it lived a happy one-footed existence for six months after, and died on a frosty night full of hempseed and honour. There was a story, too, of a poulticed cat, which did him infinite credit, and it was hoped he might find something worth trying on this jackdaw, to set a crown on past triumphs. But he was called in too late, it was thought; for in the afternoon news came to me that the miserable bird had given up the ghost in a sudden fit at the bottom of its cage. Apoplexy caused by a surfeit was the verdict, and from what I knew of the creature it was as likely as any other.

"Did you see it die?" the Sinner asked with morbid interest.

"Of course I did," answered the Problem, professionally curt.

"Did it die just ordinarily?"

"What do you mean?" asked the Problem.

"I mean, what did it look like? Did it just lie down and stop moving, or did it fly on to its back, and kick

its legs in the air, and caw till it was dead?"

"It just humped itself up and fell off its perch," said the Problem. "It opened its beak two or three times; they usually do that."

"Oh," said the Sinner, manifestly disappointed, "I thought perhaps it would have done more than that. I thought it would have flown about. My aunt's parrot, you know, was dying once, only it got well; and it lay on its back and said all the words it knew as fast as it could, and then it shut its eyes and we thought it was dead, but it bit the servant, so we knew it wasn't. Oh, and did you ask him?" he concluded irrelevantly.

"Yes," said the Problem; "he said you could have it. He didn't see any use in things when they were dead, he said."

"You can bury them," said the Sinner.

Later in the day I was called to inspect the tomb. It appeared to be the latest addition to a cemetery situated in some waste ground beyond the laurels of the side-walk where the Dusty Lady met her son. There was a considerable hillock of freshly-dug earth. "It must have been a very large jackdaw," I ventured.

"We buried it in a box," explained the Sinner; "at least, a tin, a biscuit-tin. You see, when there is a good deal of earth left over you can make a better grave. Sometimes it's quite difficult to make a grave, when it's only a robin or a mouse, or something like that."

The bigger mound, the better grave, it seemed. I remarked on the number of tombs, of which there must have been at least thirty. The Problem supplied an answer. "He buries everything; whenever anything dies, he goes and asks if he can have it. Sometimes he gets things from the village, because the servants

know about it. They bring the bodies in boxes."

"Are they all pets, then?"

"No, not all. Some of them he picks up, you know, if they haven't been dead very long. It's a sort of collection really."

The majority of the graves were heaps of earth, beaten into church-yard shape, and here and there (I thought) renewed or supplemented where the mound had sunk level. A few were decorated with the commoner sorts of flowers; pansies and forget-me-nots mostly, but there were straggling clumps of primroses and violets over the larger barrows. In one corner were three mounds side by side, of a larger size than the rest and with headstones of slate. On these were painted suitable inscriptions. I pointed to one bearing the legend, *Joe, Faithful unto death*. "What was this?" I asked.

"Those are cats' graves," replied the Sinner, surveying his handiwork with pride. "That one was the odd man's cat, at least it used to follow him about. Only one day the postman's dog worried it and it died."

"And did the odd man ask you to bury it?"

"No; I asked him. I think he was glad, because I said it could have an epistle."

"An epistle?"

"Written on the tombstone. That was what he asked me to put,—*Faithful unto death*. He was very fond indeed of that cat."

"Was it a pretty cat?"

"Yes, I think so, all except his ears; it had hardly any ears. He used to give it bread and beer; and after it was killed,—oh, I forgot, you can see its grave." The Sinner pointed to a somewhat larger heap in the background, made conspicuous by a solitary gentian but without a slate at head or foot.

"But I thought you said this one with Joe on it,—I don't understand; has it got two graves?"

"Oh no," said the Sinner; "that's a dog's grave, the postman's dog. The odd man killed it, you see."

"Good gracious! On purpose?"

"Oh yes. He was leaving at the end of the week, and he wanted to be even with the postman, he said, for killing his cat. He gave me the body."

"And can't it have a tombstone,—the dog, I mean?"

"Well, the odd man didn't want it to have one. Of course, the postman didn't know it was buried here, and I think he thought if we put a tombstone he would find out."

"And did he never find out?"

"No. He's gone now, though, that postman; he married the cook. I was sorry that cook went," said the Sinner thoughtfully.

"Why?"

"Oh, well, she used to give you things."

"Bodies, do you mean?"

"No, biscuits and things. She did give me a kitten, though, once." He pointed to the grave next to Joe's.

"Was Jimmy a kitten, then?"

"Yes, it was drowned."

"But if it was drowned—"

"It fell into the cistern. I had to dry it, because I only had a cardboard box for it."

"If it was only a kitten, how does its grave come to be as big as Joe's?"

The Sinner looked puzzled. "I don't know," he said eventually. "At least, I think—"

"I remember," said the Problem. "You got some extra earth because you said there wasn't enough; you wanted it to match the other two."

A little beyond the last resting-places of Joe and Jimmy another grave attracted my attention. It

appeared to be a twin grave, if one might call it so, only instead of the two barrows lying side by side, they were placed lengthwise, in a kind of tandem. A wooden cross was planted at the head of the leader, so to speak.

"Oh, that one? That was a guinea-pig; Prince, its name was, only it's faded."

"And what was the name of the other one?"

"The other one? There isn't another one," said the Sinner.

"This," I said, tapping the mound above the body of the tandem's wheeler.

"That's Prince," said the Sinner.

"Good heavens!" said I. "Do you mean it's all the same animal, this and that?"

"Yes," said the Sinner seriously. "It—that one was buried in two parts."

"Mercy on us! So as to make more graves, I suppose."

"We couldn't help it. We only found half of it at first, you see. It was a fox took it, the gardener said. It was in the winter, and we found its body in the hutch because the door was open; and then about a week afterwards a boy found its head under a bush. We couldn't dig up its body again, you see, so we made an extra grave for its head."

A medium-sized mound next to the tomb of a canary attracted me. The inscription *Fido* was painted in white on a tarred cross. "This, I suppose, was a dog, was it not?"

"Oh no; that was a duck."

"A duck? A duck named Fido?" And then I knew I ought not to have laughed. The Sinner looked ashamed; he was very proud of his cemetery, and had not thought ridicule possible.

"Well," he admitted after a little, "it hadn't got a name you see. It

died very suddenly and,—and the gardener gave it me. I had to put something on the cross, of course, and I couldn't think of any other name. Do you think it had better be altered?" he asked respectfully.

"No, Sinner, no; certainly not; it does beautifully." He looked at me with uncertainty. I tried to make amends. "I suppose you have to name them, or else you wouldn't know which was which,—isn't that it?"

"Yes," said the Sinner brightening; "that's it; and besides, you wouldn't know where they were. At first, you see, I didn't have names. Only one day I dug up the cat again because I had forgotten where it was. That was before I put mounds, too; I used to stamp it down level instead. I think it looks better like this, don't you?"

"Much better," said I. "These are all birds, in this part, are they?"

"Yes. There's another one I had to name in the corner; that one with Lucy on it."

"And who was Lucy?"

"That was the name I put. It wasn't a pet exactly; at least, one day there was a chicken for dinner, and it wasn't quite good or something, so the masters left it and the cook gave it me."

"But she is in her grave," I found myself murmuring. The Sinner looked at me quickly; but I was more successful in keeping my countenance over Lucy's fate than I had been over that of Fido. A question occurred to me. "You never tried to cremate any of them, I suppose? Burn them, I mean."

The Problem became interested. "Oh yes, don't you remember? That was one of the public ones."

"Public?" asked I.

"He didn't tell you that; he has two kinds of burials, you know. Private ones are when no one is there

except him and the person to whom it belongs."

"And the others?"

"Well, anybody can come to the public ones; there were quite a lot of boys when we had the burning one."

"What did you burn?"

"It was a rat," said the Sinner; "rather a pretty one, piebald—it had been trodden on."

"And what did you do? I mean, how did you manage it all?"

The Sinner hesitated. "That's the place," he said, indicating a very small mound under a nettle. "At least—well, you see, we made a little pile of sticks and things and put the rat on it, only just after we had set fire to it the school-bell rang, so we had to leave it. The wind blew it about rather, I think, because the ashes were all scattered over the grass. We couldn't find the rat exactly. We put the ashes in a tin and buried them there."

"Tell me about a burial. What do you do?"

The Problem volunteered a description. "Well, they bring the body to just outside the laurels. Then the person who is helping bury it puts the box on the wheel-barrow and wheels it to where the Sinner has dug the grave, and the Sinner takes it off the barrow and puts it in. Then he asks the person if he is going to say anything, because he won't see it again. So the person says good-bye, and then the Sinner shovels in the earth and asks if they would like a cross or a slate."

"And which do they choose generally?"

"A slate," said the Sinner.

I looked round involuntarily; there were only three slates,—over the cats. As soon as I had done so I mentally objurgated my thoughtlessness, for the Sinner caught my eye and became confused. "Of course," he ex-

plained, looking at me doubtfully, "it's rather difficult to get slates, so very often there has to be a cross instead."

"You keep the slates for the more important animals, I suppose?"

"Yes; the dog, you see, was really the biggest, but that mightn't have one, the odd man said."

I seemed to recollect the death of a goat which belonged to the place, and said so.

"I wasn't allowed to have that," the Sinner explained. "I did ask. But the gardener was making something by one of the greenhouses, and he wanted it for that," he said. "I don't know what it was. I've never buried anything as big as a goat," he added rather wistfully, and relapsed into meditation over the picture of a goat on a wheel-barrow and a very large grave.

I could not help wondering what he would consider a fit name to place on the sepulchre of a goat; but I was saved from further committing myself by the sound of the school-bell. The two boys trotted off, the Sinner still absorbed in contemplation.

It happened that later in the year I was present at one of these burials; it was a private one, and the hero was a rabbit. Along the edge of the cemetery ran a fence, and I was sitting with my easel on the far side when I heard the sound of voices close at hand. I was so placed that I could see absolutely nothing, and I could only make guesses as to what was happening with the wheel-barrow. I heard it creaking over the heavy ground, and a jolt now and then followed by silence.

"That's enough," said the Sinner.

There was a pause; I imagined that the body was being lowered into the grave. "It's a pity we couldn't get a box," came the Sinner's voice. "I've had such a lot of burials lately, of course. The matron said she hadn't one left."

A further pause suggested that they were probably gazing at the body.

"Do you want to say anything?" asked the Sinner. I heard afterwards that the owner of this rabbit was a child of seven or so, quite the smallest boy in the school. I fancy the whole affair was as solemn as the Sinner could make it.

There was silence, and then a small voice said, "What ought I to say?"

The Sinner was thinking. "Say, 'Oh Lord, this is my rabbit.' You had better say good-bye too," he added after a minute or two. There was a faint murmur indicative of an attempt to say farewell. I heard the shovel grate as the Sinner filled it. Then came a resounding thump, as a large clod fell upon the rabbit's body, followed by an exclamation of dismay. "I say, I do believe it moved!"

The clod, I thought, was lifted and probably the temperature of the rabbit taken. "No, it is dead," was the assurance; and once more the shovel grated in the heap. Soon there were sounds as of loose earth beaten into shape, and I imagined the formation of a new mound,—the forty-first, if I remembered right. Then came a subdued sigh.

"And would you like a slate or a cross over it?" But I think from the tone in which he asked the question, the Sinner knew that the wrong answer was inevitable.

(To be continued.)

THE MISSIONARY IN CHINA.

WHEN the skilled physician is called in to attend a sick man, he first diagnoses the case and then, before administering medicines, he takes into consideration the constitution, the habits of life and thought, the age, temperament, and recuperative power of the patient, and many other matters. It is open to doubt whether in the field of religion, as regards mission-work among the Chinese, this wise method has been adopted.

In the first place,—who are the Chinese? The question is easier put than answered. Their exact origin dates back beyond any record known to history; it is now, however, generally agreed that they were not the earliest inhabitants of the country, but swept down upon it from the north and north-west, pushing before them the older inhabitants and exterminating or absorbing them. The chronology of China is made by Chinese historians to commence with the sixtieth year of Hwang Ti, in 2637 B.C., but there were Chinese in China before that date. From their first appearance we find them possessed of a written or picture-alphabet, and of certain elements of intellectual and moral culture and religious beliefs. In other words, they emerge some five thousand years ago from a dim and impenetrable antiquity, already equipped with the elements of what is now known to Europeans as civilisation. From what country they came is still a matter of conjecture and will probably always remain so; but that they came bearing with them the elements of religion, of the arts, and of govern-

ment, is as certain as any fact in history can be.

Eighteen hundred years before the Christian era an old Chinese philosopher writing on the world and its government as it appeared to his mind, penned the following sentence: "Heaven gives birth to the people with such desires that without a ruler they will fall into all disorders, and Heaven again gives birth to the man of intelligence to regulate them." It may seem fanciful to suggest that in these words the sage was formulating the doctrine of a king by Divine Right, with a councillor or prime-minister to assist him; but the history of that time and the subsequent course of Chinese history leave no reasonable doubt that this was what was in the writer's mind. The plain truth is, of course, that the Chinese solved the problem of government, as they solved a great many other problems, at a period in the history of the world when that of Europe had not yet begun.

They appear to have passed rapidly through the nomad, feudal, and kingly forms of government to the imperial. In the year 403 B.C. we find a Hepharchy of seven great States all contending for the kingdom, until one Ts'in, or Chin, relieved his brother kings of further trouble by proclaiming himself Emperor, finding it more convenient that "as there is but one sun in the sky, there should be but one ruler in the nation." For upwards of two thousand years the land has thus been united under imperial rule, which derives its main strength from the divine origin attributed to

it, its wielder being, in the pious language of his subjects, the Son of Heaven.

The divinity that hedges a king has in no country been given a more living embodiment than in China. The Emperor is to his people the great high priest and direct mediator between them and Heaven, and he passes his life in an endless round of prayers and ceremonial observances on their behalf, in an almost sacred seclusion. He himself bases his claim to dominion on the fact of his being ruler "by the grace of God;" and changes of dynasty are always referred to as "the will of Heaven."

The three religions of China are Confucianism, Tao-ism, and Buddhism. Confucius is the great philosopher and moral teacher of China, and his system may be briefly described as an exalted code of social morality based upon a recognition of the existence of a Supreme Power in the universe. If he does not advocate the assistance of direct prayer to the Deity, that is because to this day in China the Emperor is, as I have said, regarded as the sole direct mediator between his people and God. The estimation in which Confucius is held by his countrymen is very great. The law requires that there shall be a temple to him in every prefecture, sub-prefecture, district, and market-town in China. The sage was of noble birth, being a descendant of the dukes of Sung, and his lineage being traceable through them to the sovereign Hwang Ti, already mentioned. His name is a latinised form of his Chinese name K'ung Fû-tze, and his lineal representative has the title of *kung*, or duke, holds large landed estates by imperial grant, and is considered to be next in rank to the members of the Imperial House itself. Twice a year, in spring and autumn, the Emperor himself goes to the imperial

college in Pekin and does homage to Confucius in these words: "On this month of the year, I, the Emperor, offer sacrifice to the philosopher K'ung, the ancient Teacher, the Perfect Sage, and say, oh Teacher, in virtue equal to heaven and earth, whose doctrines embrace both time past and present, thou didst digest and transmit the Six Classics and didst hand down lessons for all generations! Now in the second month of spring [or autumn] in reverent observance of the old statutes, with victims, silks, spirits, and fruits I offer sacrifice to thee."

It must not be imagined, however, from the above reverential tribute that Confucius has been deified, for this is not the case. His memory is revered and worshipped in something like the sense in which all Chinese worship their ancestors; only in his case the cult is a national one based on the imperial decree ordaining it. One precept of Confucius, often repeated in his writings, and known as the Golden Rule, has a strangely familiar sound: "What ye would not that men should do to you, do not do to them;" and so also has the great principle laid down by his contemporary Lao-tsze, the founder of Tao-ism, that "Good will overcome evil and should be returned for it."

Lao-tsze's treatise is called *THE TAO*, (or Way) AND ITS CHARACTERISTICS. The Way is the quiet, passionless discharge of all which our nature and relations prompt or require us to do, without striving or crying, and the method of maintaining and preserving life. Heaven in this Way is not a ruler or legislator, as in Confucianism, but only a pattern.

Buddhism is based upon the doctrine of the transmigration of souls to a higher or a lower, a more, or a less, pleasurable form of existence, according to the merit or demerit of each

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present existence. It has flourished for some two thousand four hundred years, it claims a larger number of adherents than any other religion, it is widely spread over the whole of China, as over the rest of Asia, but in China it co-exists with Confucianism and Tao-ism; just as in Japan the Buddhist temples stand alongside those of the older religion of the country Shinto-ism, and the Japanese worship at the shrines of both religions and combine the two.

It will be gathered from the above statement of the condition of religious thought in China that Confucianism is the official or state religion of the country, that it is not antagonistic to Tao-ism, which exists alongside of it, and that it tolerates Buddhism, which apparently is more the religion of the lower orders. The best men in China are undoubtedly good and earnest followers of Confucius. There is some reason for the belief that the Chinese government would give Christianity a niche in their religious system if its followers would accept a position of subordination and inferiority.

In connection with the religious state of China I can hardly do better than quote from a little work entitled *THE CHINESE PAINTED BY THEMSELVES*, being a translation from the French of Colonel Tscheng-Ki-Tong, then Chinese Military Attaché at Paris.

After quoting the principal doctrines of Confucius, the writer proceeds:

But I must stop short: it is unnecessary to further develop this magnificent doctrine, which constitutes one of the most splendid tributes made by man to his Creator.

The ancient worship sanctioned by Confucius admitted neither images nor priests, but merely certain ceremonies forming the rules of a cultus. These ceremonies are but little noticed by minds occupied by the principles.

Religious unity does not exist in China. Where does it exist? Unity is a state

of perfection nowhere to be found. But if China has several leading religions, I hasten to state that she has but three. That is moderate enough.

Besides the religion of Confucius, there is that of Lao-Tse, which is now only practised by the lower class and admits of metempsychosis; and the religion of Fo, or Buddhism, a doctrine appertaining to metaphysics, in which admirable points of view are to be found.

After giving a brief account of the theory of Buddhism, the writer continues:

The aim of this ideal life is to produce ecstasy; then the divine principle takes possession of the soul, penetrates it, and death consummates the mystic union. Such is the abstract principle of that religion which has its temples, altars and a pompous ritual.

He then adds, with a certain cynical significance: "I may add that the Buddhist monks, who live in vast monasteries, possess great riches;" and after dismissing religious indifference with the remark that it is "a disease which receives no medical treatment, wherever there are men, there will be some who are indifferent," he concludes as follows:

Religious hatred, however, has no place among our national customs; to me it is a source of amazement. I can understand that one may hate—a person for instance; but a religious idea—a religion!

As to Atheism, it has been called a product of modern civilisation. We are not yet sufficiently civilised to have no belief.

I have quoted at some length from this accomplished writer, whose sincerity and religious toleration are transparent, because I believe his attitude towards religion generally, and towards religions other than that which he himself professes, to be eminently characteristic of the educated and enlightened class of Chinese to which he obviously belongs. It

must be remembered, however, that all missionary effort begins, as a rule, among the poor and humble, among what is roughly termed the lower classes. This was the experience of the Founder of Christianity Himself, and those who spread His doctrine in distant lands find that their lot is, in that respect, not dissimilar to His.

Before approaching directly the problem of missionary effort among the Chinese it may, however, be well to resume a brief study of the civilisation which they had evolved for themselves centuries before the first Europeans visited their shores. They early solved the problem of government, as we have seen, and they evolved an elaborate official hierarchy, with a cabinet and departments of state at the capital, while the country at large has been placed under the rule of viceroys, governors of provinces, magistrates, and prefects. They invented gunpowder and discovered the art of printing. They are skilled in agriculture, and in many arts and industries. Their merchants are second to none in probity and enterprise; it is a common saying all over the Far East that their word is as good as their bond. The Chinese system of competitive examination, again, is the oldest in the world. One of the most curious sights in the city of Canton is the building in which the competitive examinations for the Kwang-Tung province take place. It consists of a series of cells in which the competitors, isolated from each other, write their themes and treatises on the Four Books and the Six Classics. There is no limit as to age, and any competitor can present himself for examination as often as he pleases; some indeed do continue to compete till well on into grey-haired old age. From these learned and accomplished gentlemen the Civil Service of the

Empire is recruited. So far back as the seventh century we find an order excluding, in somewhat quaint juxtaposition, from the benefits of the competitive system, all "monks, play-actors, and menial servants." To this day the scholar takes the first rank among the four classes into which Chinese society is divided.

The Chinese system of justice is not our system, but its penal code is based upon reasoning which commends itself to them, and they justify its provisions from a study of their ancient philosophic books.

Missionary efforts among so old and conservative a race, which for centuries has distrusted and disliked the idea of interference from the outside world, must of necessity be attended with difficulties well nigh insurmountable. The Chinese regard the whole of the rest of the world as barbarians or Foreign Devils. They are proud to a degree of their ancient civilisation. They are perfectly well aware, and never forget, that the modern civilised life of Europe is, as compared with theirs, a mushroom growth. They dislike extremely the idea of any modern innovation of which they have not satisfied themselves (as in the case of quick-firing guns in the recent war) that it is to their true advantage to adopt it. The Chinese belong to the class which Sir Henry Maine termed the "non-progressive" nations and have, to use his words, to a large extent "exhausted all the ideas of which they are capable." In trade and commerce they are still open to new developments, for they are born traders, but on most other subjects their minds are as sealed books and will receive no new impressions. To take a recent example, they will on an emergency raise an armed force and buy quick-firing guns, but, the emergency past, they will lapse back into their old

habit of mind. There will never be a standing army (in our sense of the term) in China, or modern fortifications. The military instinct forms no part of the Chinese nature. It did once, but the lapse of hundreds of years of peace has caused it, among the vast bulk of the population, to die out, never to revive again. Their attitude towards new mechanical inventions is shown by the ingenious persistency with which, on every favourable opportunity, they tear up the railways.

As in the material world, so it is in the spiritual. To such a people the doctrines of Christianity, its mysteries, its metaphysical inconsistencies (requiring even from an educated Englishman a large element of faith to supplement his defective human reason) are unintelligible. Their minds have absorbed as much philosophy and religion as they are capable of, and these new-fangled doctrines (as they regard them) unsettle and alarm them beyond words. One reason for this is, of course, that they do not distinguish between religion and politics. The two, to their minds, are closely connected. They owe veneration and obedience to the distant Emperor at Peking not so much because he is Head of the State, as because he is the Son of Heaven. They suffer much in silence, and inexhaustible patience, from the exactions of provincial governors and satraps, because it was the Son of Heaven who sent them the commissions from which they derive their power.

They have learned to regard the introduction of Christianity as a cloak, first for special political privileges in favour of the missionaries and their converts, and then for the acquisition of territory. They have noticed that missionaries and Chinese converts enjoy special protection and

many immunities from the operations of the ordinary law, and that wherever Christians come in any numbers, no matter from what nation, there the alienation of Chinese territory is sure, upon one ground or another, to follow. They have seen the Russians take Port Arthur, the Germans Kiaochow, the English Wei-hai-wei. The reasoning of the Chinese mind in this matter is therefore logical enough. "First the missionary, then the consul, then the general," exactly expresses the attitude of the ordinary Chinaman towards the Christian religion in this connection. It is only necessary for us to consider the social effect caused in England by a member of a Protestant family going over, as the saying is, to the Church of Rome, and all the unhappiness caused thereby to the family and to the convert as he would call himself, to the pervert as his family would call him, to gain some idea of the social complications caused by conversions of individual Chinese. With them, indeed, the feeling is more bitter because of the political element in the case. They regard their kinsman as having played the traitor to his faith, and to his kin, in order to join a powerful, foreign, religious Secret Society, which aims at the subversion of their liberties and the conquest of their land.

Another difficulty, and one by no means to be under-rated or left out of account, is that in many respects our manners and social habits are opposed to everything that the Chinese have been taught for hundreds of generations. To take some trivial instances: we cover our tables with white, which to the Chinese is the colour of mourning; we place our guest on the right hand, they would place him on the left. Our ordinary social amenities, again, fill the Chinese with astonishment and contempt. Though they

allow their own womankind a fair measure of personal freedom, it is the custom of the country for married women to keep very much to their own houses; and an unmarried girl would certainly not be allowed to go far by herself. To see an unmarried English lady walking with Englishmen in the public street strikes them therefore as contrary to every social safeguard; while to see an English wife or sister publicly embracing her husband or brother is to them something verging upon immorality; for among themselves kissing is unknown and is regarded as an unpleasant, if not an actually unclean act. It is perhaps better not to say what the Chinese think about the European custom of men and women joining together in the dance.

The Chinese mind having been thus rudely shaken and disturbed by these and other foreign practices, which to us are innocent enough, the missionary has now to proceed to win him over to the doctrines of a religion strange to him and which cause differences of opinion, if not dissensions, among English divines themselves. To put the matter plainly, some of the cardinal doctrines of the Christian religion are far too abstruse and contrary to the laws of nature as he sees it, and to the ordinary ways of the everyday world around him for the ordinary Chinaman to believe them even if he understood them. No doubt a highly educated, intellectual Chinaman is perfectly able to grasp the more abstruse doctrines of Christianity as intellectual propositions, which he can appreciate as matters of reason, though he may reject them as matters of faith. But missionary effort among the Chinese lies among the masses, and these have already grasped all the ideas of which they are capable in such matters, and they will not digest the

new doctrines, not for want of will, but for want of capacity to do so.

The intelligent Chinaman will also not fail to notice that Roman Catholics, Protestants, and Christians of various denominations differ among themselves, and he will draw his own conclusions. And, then, with what medium of thought has the missionary to convey these mystical and awe-inspiring doctrines to the Chinese mind? With the most complicated, subtle, and difficult form of language in the whole world. He has to convey abstruse and metaphysical conceptions by a medium never designed for this use, for the ideas are foreign to the Chinese mind, and it is only by the utmost ingenuity that the missionary can twist the language even approximately to the idea he wishes to convey.

It is to be remembered also that the Chinese spoken language consists not of words, as we understand the term, but of monosyllables differentiated by tones. In Cantonese one written character is capable of being pronounced in eight different tones, or intonations, each tone giving it an entirely different meaning. The variations between the tones is extremely subtle, and requires a fine ear, and in the case of a foreigner long and careful practice to acquire anything like certainty in their management; even a Chinaman has been known to go wrong sometimes in his tones. It is only necessary to mention these facts to show what terrible pitfalls attend a man, however pious, however devoted, who endeavours to preach in Chinese to a Chinese congregation on the doctrines of the New Testament.

It is partly due to this cause, partly to some others mentioned above, and partly to the ignorance and fanaticism of the Chinese masses, fanned by the yet greater fanaticism

of their Mandarin rulers, that such hideous stories of Christian immorality and malpractices have been spread abroad and become firmly embedded in the Chinese mind.

It cannot be too often repeated that the more mysterious doctrines of Christianity are unintelligible to the mind of the ordinary Chinaman. The broad tenets of honesty, charity, and an upright life they find in their own books. To see Christians practising these virtues in a higher degree than themselves, and adding others thereto, will influence the Chinese, for a high standard of conduct never fails to carry influence. All else, it would seem, on the evidence of all who know the Chinese best, is to a great extent labour and life guided into a mistaken channel; life and labour that can surely find ample scope for energy at home. Is England so virtuous, so sober, so truly religious that we can afford to travel seven thousand miles to clean other people's houses and leave our own unswept?

Many good and pious men have believed that there is more than one path that leads towards Heaven. Be that as it may, the Chinese, or at least the great majority of them, are following theirs. There are too many of our own countrymen who, for lack of guides, are following none.

Our missionaries will doubtless continue to work in China, voluntarily facing exile, an unhealthy climate, and the chance of a violent death. The large majority of them are actuated by the purest of motives. Many of them have given up wealth and position in obedience to what they deem a call of duty over-riding all other considerations. Yet more than all this is required. The conversion, or attempted, conversion of the Chinese is a delicate and a dangerous task. Only picked men, specially

trained, men of high culture and large minds should be allowed to attempt it. In so far as the various missionary societies can exercise a veto, none but men such as these should be allowed to enter the field. For reasons given above none but celibates and men prepared to lead a life of asceticism and constant self-denial can hope to wield much influence. Missionaries to the Chinese must be prepared to face the fact that they will influence them, if they influence them at all, by their life rather than by their doctrine; that they are going to labour among an ignorant, bigoted, poor, hard-working, thrifty population of simple life and habits, possessing many social virtues, given to early marriage, and strongly influenced by the claims of family ties. Above all may perhaps be commended, as applied to China, that which the late Professor Max Müller was never tired of impressing on the young Civil Servant about to proceed to India,—that we have far more to learn from the people of India than to teach them.

I have already indicated that the mission-field in China is no place for married women; it seems to follow that it is still less suited to unmarried women. The whole mental attitude of the Oriental towards women is one hardly suitable for treatment here, but it is sufficiently well known to all conversant with the East. Unmarried female missionaries can do no good; they may do much harm by lowering themselves and their countrywomen in the estimation of the Chinese, whose ideas on such subjects are crystallised and immutable.

It is a fact agreed upon by the vast majority of English Civil Servants all over the East that as a rule the native Christian convert (of whatever race) is less admirable than the native heathen. It may be that Civil Ser-

vants are prejudiced, as men of other professions and classes are prejudiced; but, after all, they are the governing class, from Simla to Singapore, from Borneo to Hong-Kong, and it may be presumed that they know something about their own business. We should not hold India, or indeed any Asiatic dependency, for very long, were the Civil Servants not in close touch with native sentiment, feeling, and character, and constantly exercising the qualities of tact, sympathy, and judgment. The consensus of opinion among them is almost unanimous that a native convert is a damaged article. He seems to lose the virtues of his own religion, while the cloak of his new religion sits ungracefully upon him. The truth is, of course, that in the conservative East men do not lightly change their faith, any more than they do any other inherited and long continued habit, custom, or belief. If they do, they become among their own class and their own people as pariahs and outcasts, and this penalty can in Eastern countries be visited upon a man with a severity which makes his life well-nigh unendurable. If, then, a man in a humble station in life has in the East renounced his faith, the suspicion at once arises that

he has done so for good consideration, in other words from self-seeking and insincere motives, to obtain employment, or a favour, or generally to ingratiate himself with a view to profit or advancement. In Ceylon, where there are a good many native Christians, it is quite a common event for such a one, in search of work, to introduce himself to favour by the words "Me Christian, Master, me Christian!" Whereupon the wise civilian will at once sternly send him about his business.

Perhaps it is better not to pursue the subject further. The friends of China are many, and they can see only too plainly that, while China as a geographical and commercial power may yet have much to say in the world, yet as a political entity she is breaking up with lightning rapidity. The Boxer movement and the general rising against the foreign Christians was a desperate attempt to ward off the inevitable end. As a sympathetic clergyman at Peking well observed: "The Eastern mind seems to feel that when all is lost it is better to die dramatically than to live tamely."

F. THOROLD DICKSON.

UNION AND ANNEXATION.

(Being the Introductory Lecture delivered to the History Class in Edinburgh University on October 16th, 1900.)

THE subject which I have chosen for my introductory address has a double interest for us: firstly, because the most successful of political unions is that between England and Scotland which created the State of Great Britain; and secondly because one of the most memorable of recent events has been the annexation of two Republics in South Africa, and the statesmanship of our political leaders is still to be tested by the success or failure of this measure.

Various classifications have been made of the kinds of union that may exist between States, and, if very minute differences be emphasised, a large number of distinctions may be drawn. But for our purposes it will be sufficient to take a very simple division under three heads: (1) Federation; (2) Dynastic or Personal Union; (3) Real or Complete Union.

Federation I must dismiss very briefly. It is one of the most fascinating chapters of political science; but to discuss it with any fulness would take me far beyond the limits of a single lecture. The essence of a federation is that it is not a mere alliance of separate States for certain common purposes, but that it involves the creation of a single central State, while leaving a considerable measure of independence and self-government to the separate States which are federated together. The greater is this territorial independence, the looser, and as a rule the more inefficient, is the federation. The wider

the functions of the central authority, the closer the federation approximates to a single individual State. It is obvious that between the two extremes of centralisation and decentralisation there is room for endless variations in federal constitutions. But in all these variations there must always be one primary difficulty in such a constitution, namely, to draw the precise line of demarcation between the functions of the central government and those of the separate States. The decision of this nice point must be made by some judicial body, which shall command general and unquestioned respect; otherwise there will be constant disputes and friction, which may at any time lead to open war, like that between the northern and southern States in America. Hence the primary requisite of a successful federation is a supreme court of justice to decide these questions of competence, and in drafting a federal constitution the composition of this court must always engage the most anxious and careful attention of the authors. The great modern federations are the United States of America, the German Empire as constituted in 1871, the British colonies in North America which are collectively known as Canada, and we may now add to the list that most interesting of modern experiments, the new Commonwealth of Australia, in which the mother-country is to be represented by a Scottish peer, who has recently set out to undertake his

duties amid the general congratulations and good wishes of his fellow-countrymen.

I may just note in passing that there is a superficial, though not a very profound, distinction between the federation of monarchical States under a federal monarchy, and the federation of Republics. The German Empire may serve as an illustration of the former, and the United States of the latter. It is obvious that a monarchical federation is the more difficult both to create and to maintain, because to the jealousy and separate interests of the peoples must be added the jarring pretensions of rival dynasties and the reluctance of kings to acknowledge the primacy of one of their own number, which must to some extent abase the dignity of their own thrones. In fact such a federation can hardly be formed unless the supreme dignity be elective, as was the case in the old German or Holy Roman Empire which expired in 1806, because this flatters the sense of royal equality; or unless, as in modern Germany, one State possesses such immense superiority in territory and resources that the acknowledgment of the supremacy of its ruler is only in accordance with incontestable facts. In the case of republican States, the only parallel difficulty concerns the choice of a capital. There is always a reluctance to give to any one State the preponderance which may result from having the seat of government within its borders. This difficulty has more than once been solved by choosing for the capital a place which would otherwise be of little or no importance. Thus in the Dutch United Provinces the federal government was established, not in Amsterdam, or any other flourishing town, but in the Hague, which was then an unwall'd and obscure village. And so in the

United States the capital was not New York or Boston but Washington, which may be said to have been created to serve as the seat of the federal authority.

A personal or dynastic union, in which two or more States are bound together by the mere accident that a single ruler wears the crown in all of them, is the slightest of all links from the legal point of view, though in practice it may constitute a very strong tie, if the monarch possesses anything like despotic power in one or more of the countries which he rules. But in such a union there are two or more distinct States: there is no creation of a new central State, as in the case of a federation: though in time a personal union may prove the foundation of a more real and permanent amalgamation. Such a union may be created by treaty, as in the case of Sweden and Norway, which have been subject to a single king since 1814 by virtue of a decision of the Allied Powers of Europe. More frequently it is the result of the chance or the laws of succession, as in the case of Great Britain and Hanover between 1714 and 1837, or in the more important case of England and Scotland between 1603 and 1707. The most prominent of many difficulties which attend so imperfect a form of union is connected with foreign politics. The interests of two distinct States can hardly ever be identical, and yet it is very difficult for a single ruler to maintain two different sets of relations with foreign States. Even if he endeavours to keep them perfectly distinct,—for example, to carry on war on behalf of one State, while the other is at peace—some at any rate of his subjects are likely to grumble; and hostile Powers cannot be trusted to respect his wishes. In the eighteenth century, if France was at war with England,

the French could strike at Hanover more easily than at the insular kingdom, and were not to be deprived of their advantage by any professions of studied neutrality on the part of the Hanoverian Elector and his ministers. And if a king abandons the hopeless attempt to carry on two foreign policies in his two distinct capacities, he must regulate his action by the interests of either one State or the other, and will hardly escape in one of them the charge of prejudice or partiality. Such difficulties were of frequent occurrence between England and Hanover, and they contributed very notably to the unpopularity of the two first Hanoverian rulers in this country. That similar difficulties were less prominent in the relations between England and Scotland during the seventeenth century is due to the fact that, before the Revolution of 1689, Scotland had little power to assert its own wishes or to overrule the policy of its monarchs, whose action was dictated by a single regard to the interests of England. When at last the foundations of Stuart despotism were overthrown by the Revolution, the question of foreign policy became at once a source of discord between the two countries, both in the Darien expedition and at the beginning of the war of the Spanish Succession. In fact this supplied the strongest motive to the Whig statesmen for urging on the Union; and it is doubtful whether any alternative could have been found between union and separation: though it is conceivable that if negotiations had fallen into less capable hands than those of Lord Somers open war might have preceded the decision between the two.

A sort of half-way house between personal and complete union has been devised in the present century in the case of what is called the dual

monarchy of Austria and Hungary. Since the sixteenth century the two countries had been held together merely by their subjection to a single dynasty, and as this dynasty was primarily Austrian and ruled in the interests of its German provinces, Hungary was always struggling to assert its independence. In the end the agreement (*Ausgleich*) of 1867 gave to Hungary a separate legislature and a separate ministry, on the same lines as those of Austria. But a complete subdivision into two separate States under one ruler was avoided by a rather clumsy compromise. In addition to the purely Austrian ministry and diet and to the purely Hungarian ministry and diet, there are joint ministers of foreign affairs and finance, and for the consideration of matters common to the two States provision is made for a meeting of delegations of the two diets. This gets rid, at any rate formally, of the difficulty about foreign policy, and the consciousness that union is necessary in order to maintain anything like equality with the great neighbouring Powers of Germany and Russia helps to keep Austria and Hungary together. But the strongest link between them is still the personal influence of the reigning Emperor, and the two States themselves are so ill-compacted that it is more than doubtful whether the disruption of the Austrian empire can be long delayed when that influence shall be removed.

Another union which may be regarded as in a transitional stage, and therefore not belonging completely to either subdivision, is that between Russia and Finland. In theory the union is a personal one. The Russian Czar, Alexander the First, succeeded in 1809 to the position previously held by the Kings of Sweden, and became Grand Duke of Finland. For

a long time, in fact till quite recently, Finland was allowed the same autonomy as it had enjoyed during its union with Sweden. But the mere disproportion of power and resources between the two States has proved fatal to the maintenance of this independence. Naturally Finland could have no separate foreign policy, and in this and in all matters in which the two States were concerned, the will and the interests of Russia were bound to prevail. But here arose an inevitable difficulty. Who was to decide what are common matters and what are local or provincial? The Czar and his ministers, accustomed to arbitrary rule in Russia, may well be forgetful or neglectful of the restrictions which limit the authority of the Grand Duke of Finland. If it be decided to increase or to regulate the military service of the Fins without consulting the four estates of the Finnish Diet, it may be argued that this is a matter which concerns, not Finland alone, but the whole empire. And there is no court to which the question can be carried for decision; there is no legal appeal against the edict of the Czar, who is both judge and party to the suit. The Fins have protested at the risk of incurring punishment for disloyalty. Their protest has been supported by an appeal from eminent private persons in Europe, who are disinterested though perhaps imperfectly informed in the matter, but the Czar has not unnaturally refused to allow foreigners to interfere between himself and his subjects. And so the change, once begun, seems bound to go on; the original personal union tends to become more and more a complete union, and the lesser State must almost inevitably be absorbed in the larger. Our sympathies are with the Fins, who have shown no disloyalty to their Grand Duke, and

have done absolutely nothing to deserve the extinction of their independence. We may even hold that it is impolitic on the part of Russia to excite friction and discontent by disturbing a settlement which has on the whole worked extremely well for nearly a hundred years. But it is impossible to deny that the process is one which has often gone on before, and that many States have been formed, and have become powerful, by absorbing elements which at one time seemed so different as to be almost irreconcilable. In fact a survey of history seems in this matter to justify a sort of fatalism in politics, and to admit, if not to establish, the proposition that good may come in the end out of measures which are in themselves odious and even cruel. But this is an argument which the historian should keep to himself, and the politician, who has not his powers of foresight, has no right to employ it, though he often seeks to justify himself by its means.

We now come to the last of our three divisions, that of complete union, in which the States combined together lose their separate political identity and become merged into one. Such a union may be effected by a more or less voluntary agreement or treaty, as in the case of England and Scotland, but in the vast majority of cases it is the result of conquest, and is called annexation. Ireland may be regarded as belonging to both classes. It had more than once been conquered by England, and though the Act of Union in 1800 was in form just as much a treaty as that of 1707, it was in reality dictated by the stronger Power, and was only accepted, and that not very willingly, by a minority of the population.

I need not here labour the comparison or the contrast between the Scottish and Irish unions. The one

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has been in many ways the most successful measure of its kind recorded in history, though at the time it was almost as unpopular in Scotland as was the later union in Ireland. The other has so far failed to obtain such general approval or acquiescence, and in that sense may be regarded as a comparative failure, though it is possible to contend, even from the point of view of a Nationalist or Home-Ruler, that it is not much worse than the relations between the two countries which existed beforehand.

Innumerable explanations may be, and have been, advanced to account for the different fate of two measures which, in detail and in general character, seem to be so much alike; and most of these explanations are probably partially correct, though observers may differ as to the relative importance to be attached to each. It is certain that the balance of races was different in the two countries, and that in Ireland it was less favourable to amalgamation with England. In Ireland the majority of the population were Celts, whereas in Scotland the dominant majority were Lowlanders of Teutonic race, in fact to all intents and purposes as English in origin and characteristics as the English themselves. It is equally certain that difficulties as to religion and the tenure of land have complicated and accentuated racial differences in Ireland, while there have been comparatively few problems of the same kind in Scotland. It is probable that the union brought to Scotland greater material advantages and the redress of more obvious grievances than was the case in Ireland, which had been longer and more closely connected with England before the complete union. It is possible that, while the military and naval services rendered to the empire

by the two peoples may fairly be balanced against each other, the administrative services of Scotsmen, notably in India, have been greater than those of Irishmen, and that the former have thus a larger and more widely diffused interest in the common welfare of the united State. But I take it that the essential distinction is to be found in some such consideration as this: Scotland has retained a separate Church and a separate system of law, and these apparent badges of a distinct nationality have proved the strongest aids towards substantial unity. Purely Scottish questions have never appealed very strongly to Englishmen: possibly they have never been much understood by them; but this indifference, or ignorance, though perhaps not very flattering, has served a useful purpose in its time. It kept Scottish matters out of the purview of English parties, and thus averted the danger of legislation by an alien majority on questions in which Scotland alone was interested. This was the obvious danger on which so much stress was laid in the Scottish debates at the time of the union, and it has providentially proved of very small proportions. On the other hand, the great Irish questions of the Church and the land have profoundly interested both England and Scotland, and have more than once in the century been among the great questions on which parties have grouped themselves in parliament and in the country. Hence the apparent grievance that matters which concern Ireland alone have been discussed and decided, not by Irish opinion, but by English and Scottish opinion, which may be, or may be said to be, both ignorant and prejudiced. From this difference between the two countries have flowed very important consequences. Scotland has fitted itself into a parliament and a party-system,

both essentially English in their origin, in a way which has proved impossible for Ireland. If you look at the records of the recent election in the newspapers, you will find the same party names and symbols employed in Scotland as in England, whereas a new set has to be devised for Ireland. The difference may be put in a concrete and even a personal form. At the present moment the leaders of the two great parties in the House of Commons are both Scotsmen, though one of them sits for an English constituency. This is a significant fact, though I think it attracts very little attention, and certainly excites no jealousy, on the other side of the Border. But I fear that, as things stand, it is quite impossible for two Irishmen to fill these positions with the same general acceptance. When such a thing does become possible, when you can have, and cheerfully accept, an Irish leader of the Conservatives and an Irish leader of the Liberals; then, and not till then, the Irish union may be admitted to rank with that of Scotland as constituting a real and complete union in the wider and not in the merely technical use of the term.

So far I have spoken of unions which are not, or at any rate should not be described as, annexations. But my subject was purposely worded so as to include the latter, and I am afraid that I have left myself little time to treat of that division which may seem to have most interest and actuality at the present moment. I am not concerned with any nice distinctions which belong to International Law and lie somewhat outside my province, and I take it that annexation implies the compulsory extinction of the independence of a State against the will of its rulers and of the majority of its people. Etymologically the word may mean little

more than union, but in practice it has obtained the further connotation which serves to distinguish it from the wider term of union, which includes annexation.

I do not propose to trace the history of annexations, which would carry me a long way over the history of the world. Wars and conquest play a large part in the history of every considerable State. West-Saxon kings conquered Mercia and Northumbria, and thus laid the foundations of the kingdom of England. A Celtic king of Scots, whose power was roughly limited by the Forth and the Clyde, conquered the Anglian district of Lothian from the Forth to the Tweed, and thus created the historic State of Scotland. It would be impossible to draw any lessons from such distant annexations, of which indeed we know little beyond the fact that they took place. As far as we can judge, they were successful annexations, in that the State thus formed was stronger and probably more prosperous than that which had existed before. In fact the criterion of the success or failure of an annexation is much the same as that of the success or failure of a more voluntary union. If the conquered province becomes a source of strength, rather than of weakness; if within a reasonable time the people accept the new government with complacency, or at any rate with resignation; if the conqueror is not always being compelled to use force in order to put down rebellion or to intimidate malcontents, then we may say that the annexation is successful. Of course this success will be the greater if the conquered or annexed people become not only submissive but eagerly loyal, or if they become so identified by interest or perhaps by intermarriage with their conquerors that they constitute not only

one State but one nation. Two illustrations will suffice to show the nature of a successful annexation. Canada was conquered by Great Britain in the Seven Years' War, and was formally ceded by France in the Treaty of Paris. The population was for the most part not only French but also Roman Catholic; that is to say, it was separated from Englishmen by blood, traditions, language, and religion. Within a very few years afterwards the North American colonies were in open revolt against the mother-country, and France not only recognised their independence, but gave them active assistance of the most valuable kind. It would appear at first sight that the French Canadians could hardly resist such a tempting opportunity to throw off the foreign yoke that had so recently been imposed upon them. Yet the loyalty of Canada was one of the few advantages which Great Britain possessed during that disastrous war; and all attempts to invade Canada by the colonial rebels were repulsed with loss. The tradition thus nobly begun has been maintained since. Many Canadians of French birth and language joined the colonial contingent which on more than one occasion rendered such magnificent service in the South African war, and of all colonial statesmen who have given expression to the imperial sentiment in the recent crisis, it is a French Canadian, Sir Wilfred Laurier, who has sounded the clearest and the most impressive note. My second illustration is taken from the history of a neighbouring country. Alsace and Lorraine were German provinces, and were annexed to France by conquest, the former in the seventeenth, and the latter in the eighteenth century. After the great war of 1870-1 the greater part of these provinces was

restored to Germany. It is notorious that the recovery of these German territories was quite as much a foreign conquest, a compulsory annexation, as their first acquisition by France. The people had become so thoroughly identified with France, so thoroughly French in sentiment and tradition, that they bitterly resented the change which once more united them with men of their own race. What it was that had extinguished all German sentiment in Alsace and Lorraine it is not easy to say. They were severed from Germany before the idea of German nationality had developed to its present strength: they were undoubtedly better off under French rule than they had been under their former princes; and France has over and over again shown a magnetic power in dealing with other peoples and races which this country, in spite of its great colonising experience, has never been able to boast. No doubt the French Revolution, and the extraordinary achievements of the Napoleonic time, served as a strong link between the peoples who had stood together in such a stormy period. But whatever the explanation, the fact remains that these German provinces were absorbed into France with a completeness that is still extraordinary.

And now it is natural to ask the question whether history offers any definite rules for the guidance of statesmen so that they can ensure the success of any union or annexation, or that they may at any rate avoid the danger and disgrace of complete failure. The answer must be in the negative. The exact conditions of one time and one country are never reproduced with such complete identity that a precedent may serve as an absolute guide to future action. The failure to allow for some difference in the general balance of forces may put

out the whole calculation and wreck the pedantic forecast of the most learned politician. All that history can claim to do is to offer suggestions for the guidance of statesmen. It is as fatuous to disregard the past as it would be to take it as an infallible guide. A statesman must always suit his conduct to the present; but he may find in history many warnings which should indicate the right road and many which should serve to keep him from the wrong.

Machiavelli, the most acute and perhaps the least sentimental of political analysts, has discussed this question of annexation in the third chapter of *THE PRINCE*. Of course it must be remembered that he is speaking primarily of his own times, and that he is concerned with Principalities and not with Republics. But if we allow for this, his words are not without weight even in our own day. I have translated the passage with some freedom.

States which are acquired and annexed, are either connected with the conqueror by contiguity, race and language, or they are not. If they are so connected, it is extremely easy to retain them, and all that is necessary is to destroy the line of their former rulers and to avoid any needless change of customs, laws, and taxes. Under such conditions they are readily absorbed, as France has absorbed Brittany, Burgundy, Gascony, and Normandy. But when the acquired States are wholly different in language, customs, and organisation, the difficulties are so great that good fortune as well as great energy and ability are needed for their secure retention. One of the best expedients is that the Prince should go in person to dwell in the new provinces, as the Turkish Sultan has done in Greece, and this has been the secret of his successful rule there. When a Prince is on the spot, he sees disorders as they arise, and can apply a prompt remedy; whereas if he is at a distance, he only hears of them when they have become incurable. Moreover, he can save the inhabitants from being pillaged by venal officials,

and the new subjects are conciliated by the close intercourse with their Prince. Foreign Powers are more cautious about attacking the State, which is altogether rendered more stable by the Prince's presence. Another very excellent expedient is to send colonies to those places that may be regarded as the keys of the State; because this is the only alternative to the maintenance of a large armed garrison there. Now colonies cost the Prince very little: they only injure those of the former inhabitants who are displaced in order to give lands and houses to the new settlers; and these men, being poor and dispersed, can do no great harm, while their fate serves as a warning to the others, who have no grievance so long as they retain their possessions, and have good reason to fear similar confiscation if they incur the displeasure of their ruler. This points to the great maxim that men must either be conciliated or destroyed: they can exact vengeance for slight wrongs but not for such injury as reduces them to ruin; hence if you are compelled to injure a man, you should inflict such an injury that you have no reason to fear his vengeance. But if you do not send colonies, you must send troops. They are much more expensive and may well absorb the whole revenue of the country, so that the acquisition brings loss rather than gain. And the injury inflicted on the people by taxation, and by the quartering of troops and moving them from place to place, is an injury which all feel and all resent; and yet it is not an injury which deprives them of the power to become formidable rebels. From every point of view, therefore, this method of keeping a conquest is as useless and harmful as that of sending colonies is beneficial.

If we analyse this very characteristic extract, we may cull from it three maxims: (1) the prince or sovereign should if possible reside in the State which has been annexed; (2) colonists should be encouraged to settle in it, especially in those places or districts which are most important from the military point of view, near the railway, for example; (3) do not maintain a large permanent military force, and so irritate the inhabitants by flaunting before

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their eyes the means by which their submission has been extorted. Fear is not likely to be the foundation of a permanently successful and satisfactory annexation.

The first of these maxims is of little value to us. Princes and dynasties have ceased to be as all-important and all-powerful, at any rate in the British empire, as they were in most parts of Europe in the days of Machiavelli. Constitutional government has taken the place of personal government; although personal loyalty is still a genuine and a valuable sentiment, whose force in a scattered empire like our own it would be fatal to under-estimate. But at any rate, we are not likely to witness a transference of queen and court from Windsor and Balmoral to Pretoria; nor if a royal prince held the offices of Governor of the Cape and High Commissioner, would his presence have quite the same results as those to which Machiavelli alludes.

But the other two maxims are by no means inapplicable to present circumstances, and there is reason to believe that they will not be lost sight of in the approaching settlement of the newly annexed provinces in South Africa. The period of purely military occupation and administration will doubtless be brought to an end as soon as it is possible and safe to do so. And although a large garrison will be needed for some time, it may be gradually diminished if a considerable number of our volunteer troops, whether from the other colonies or from home, can be induced to become settlers in South Africa. Such men, accustomed to and knowing the country, trained to ride and shoot like their opponents in the present war, will not only be an element of political stability, but might in certain

circumstances and under certain conditions serve the purpose of regular troops.

But after all the general survey of unions and annexations leads us to something wider and loftier than any particular maxim or any isolated precaution. The bitterness of subjection must be gradually purged from the minds of the conquered. They must be gained over to a sense of common interests, of common work, of a common weal. They must learn to be proud of the great and, we would fain believe, the beneficent empire of which they are to form a part. They must be convinced that under the altered conditions not only their material welfare, but their real and essential freedom are as secure as in the days of forfeited independence and ascendancy. After all the ultimate annexation must be, not so much to Great Britain as to the self-governing colonies in South Africa which they adjoin. It has been a source of difficulty and danger in the past that these colonies contain a large proportion of Dutch inhabitants; but it may prove an advantage in the long run. Self-government was granted to Cape Colony and Natal in spite of the numerical preponderance of Dutchmen; and in spite of the difficulties caused by the anomalous position of the Transvaal, this self-government has not proved unworkable. This encourages us to hope that the same system may be extended to the annexed provinces, and that at no very distant date South Africa, like Australia and like Canada, may form a federation of self-governing colonies, in which not the weakest link in the chain which binds them together may be loyalty to the British crown and empire.

R. LODGE.

NOTES FROM A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

I.

THE sentiment of the journey began at Genoa, or rather it may be said to have begun in France; for it was in the little French steamer, as it lay in the bay, leisurely loading its cargo, long hours after the time announced for its departure, that tedium took wing, that crowds and custom-houses, noise and dirt, and all the ills of travelling passed into the far background of my consciousness, and the weary journey changed into a voyage of adventure.

The extreme unpunctuality, I believe, worked the spell, but it worked only gradually. I was as impatient for the first few hours as if I had been in the Paris express; the desirability of reaching Toulouse by the day I had calculated grew and grew in my eyes; every fixed point in my journey, though I knew them to be only matters of whim, assumed a fictitious importance; until at last, as the sun dropped and the hour drew on when the evening train should start, I stormed to the captain, demanding to be set on shore immediately that I might take to the railway and some day arrive at my destination. The civil alacrity with which he acceded to my request, and the promptness of his order to bring up Madame's box and bicycle (that bicycle on whose bringing out of Italy I had wasted the morning hours) gave a chill to my ardour. I added more meekly, unless, indeed, Monsieur could assure me I should reach Marseilles next day in time for the midnight train to Toulouse; the midday one had seemed

imperative a moment before. So much Monsieur le Capitaine thought he could safely assure me, though cargo remained to be shipped, and, as he gave me, with the utmost politeness, to understand very clearly, the desires of a passenger were on his boat of no straw's weight in comparison with the cocks and hens, or even the boxes and barrels, that travelled as uncomplaining cargo,—a wholesome dose this for the self-important human being accustomed to regard all means of locomotion as made for his convenience, and failing in their final end as they fail to secure that! At once the need of getting anywhere, at any definite hour or day, dwindled and vanished, and I acquiesced, not unwillingly, in the captain's opinion that, since I had come on board, the best thing I could do was to remain there. "We'll dine first, and then think about starting," was his final encouragement,—another, but this time a pleasant, shock to my traveller's soul, hardened to meals snatched at stations or shaken down in a restaurant-car.

I returned to the upper deck to nurse a fresh mood in the growing dusk. By the time the bell rang for dinner I was priding myself on my newly acquired philosophy, and I prepared, with an introductory remark as to the deceitfulness of shipping-agents, to air it upon my neighbour at table.

"Yes," he replied with a placid smile, "they promised me I should be in time for a business appointment in London ten days ago [I put my pride in my pocket]. I've been with this vessel just three weeks," he added. The salutary discipline of playing

second fiddle to the cargo had brought my neighbour to these heights of philosophy. He looked a prosaic individual enough; intellectual converse had not shortened the way for him; the only English-speaking person on board, he could use no other language save a little Turkish and a little modern Greek. My advent loosed what seemed to be a natural loquacity. He had been much, he told me, among the Turks, and he himself attributed his ease of mind to intercourse with them. "I've learned to be a bit of a fatalist," he observed. "What will be, will be; and we sha'n't quicken the machinery by crying out." As the dinner advanced I fancied, however, that the excellence of the cooking had helped, in his case, to fix the fates and keep him on board at the successive ports; and indeed he confided that though, having paid the whole fare, he had to have the full voyage, he must have eaten his money's worth long ago. The thought gave him evident pleasure. Gladly, I think, would he have talked the night out, paying the arrears of so long a silence. Having travelled much, in the East and over ground quite unknown to me, he had seen, and readily recounted, many marvels both of Nature and of Man. But as the occasion of his wanderings had been material cares (I forget, or did not gather, his actual business) so it was the more material aspects of these marvels that had struck him. Immensity was for him mere size, and he wondered mainly over the vast monuments of expenditure, of outlay of time and trouble, dotted over the world's surface. The borrowed comment with which I wished him good-night was new to him.

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as
kings,"

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he murmured in meditative but dubious echo.

II.

For my part, I was left to no chance companionship, of my own or other nationality. The best of company, most excellent of comrades, I had with me in my travelling-bag. And he, and not I, had determined the route; he, and not I, whose inclinations indeed were quite contrary, had resolved that Arles, that Avignon, Nîmes and Carcassonne,—those places of great monuments and historic fame—should all be passed on the road and left to the conscientious sightseer. "Any Cook's tourist," he said, "can give you news of Arles or Avignon;" nor, readily though he welcomed all opinion contrary to his own, did I care to dispute the point. My eyes had been satiated through the winter with the great places and elaborate works of another land, and I gladly forewent now the prospect of big sensations for his promise of opening my mind and heart to the little incidents of everyday life. And he—the Essayist, the *Sieur de Montaigne*—became himself the chief sentiment of my journey. Through all my roundabout route I was travelling to his home in the Périgord, hoping to be welcomed and received, like a humbler Mlle. de Gournay, as an adopted great-great-granddaughter.

At Toulouse he permitted a halt. The town was familiar to him from his youth; I believe he had studied there for the law. Yet it was not of him I was thinking as the train drew up in the early morning. I had dreamt of Vanini, "bellowing," says an eye-witness, "like an ox getting slaughtered," as the executioner tore out his tongue, previous to burning him; of Calas, broken on the wheel for an imaginary crime, of the settled persecution of

his whole unhappy Huguenot family. I had recalled to mind the ugly pre-eminence of Toulouse in fanaticism,—how even in our own century she had proposed to commemorate her most blood-thirsty massacre; how in the sixteenth a Huguenot was hanged out of hand wherever caught. And my thoughts had rested finally on the Essayist's tale (touched as was his wont with the sense of human vanity) of the student of Toulouse and his faithful servant. The valet had no better ground for his heresy than that his young master could not be wrong.

A drizzling rain was falling, and the town still fast asleep as I arrived. It was five o'clock, but that, as my double cab-fare taught me, was still night at Toulouse, just as in Paris or in London. I had expected to find the stir of early morning at an hour when I myself had recently been breakfasting among the lilies, bathed and fragrant with the night-dew, of an Italian garden. Here was none of that freshened brightness, but the dreary unwilling air of a town about to be recalled to the day's toil.

At my hotel (I had chosen it hap-hazard for its name, the proprietor's, which had promised me local colour and lack of fellow-tourists) a drowsy porter escorted me through dismal corridors to the room furthest removed, as I demanded, from the paved street. To my request for coffee, he promised me fervently a *rechauffée*. The word rolled out of his lips so richly that only after his back was turned did the poor meaning penetrate to my understanding. The beverage was as unpalatable in the drinking as it had been gustable in the promise; but even as I swallowed it the word reverberated in my ear, and I realised from it alone that I was truly in the Midi. What a temperament of the race, I reflected,

to persist and make itself felt in such surroundings! For alas, I was in no comfortable old-world inn, but in a third-rate commercial hotel. I had avoided the tourist to fall into the arms (metaphorically, oh shade of Yorick!) of the *commis-voyageur*.

Commerce has laid its effacing hand upon Toulouse. When at length the town awoke, I left my dingy room for the broad streets; and there, wandering along the Allées Lafayette, through the Boulevard Carnot, I found myself in a sort of provincial Paris, in a town that might have sprung of Paris wedded to Manchester. Rows of huge shops, each more *Bon Marché* than the last, long lines of tramway, trees certainly and planted squares, but, as it appeared to me, not of indigenous growth but conceded in servile imitation of the metropolis. The Sentimental Journey changed in my eyes to a Fool's Errand. Not Death but Commerce, I meditated, is the great destroyer; doubtless through all the south of France I shall find local colour washed out and every trace of the past obliterated.

With such sad thoughts, I turned a corner, and came full on the church of St. Saturnin. If the path of the Sentimentalist be closed, it reminded me, the way of the Sightseer is still open. "St. Sernin, or Saturnin," says Freeman, "is unique in its interest,"—the intelligent reader may refer to his essay. I studied the exterior carefully, resolved to have something at least for my journey. It was a huge edifice, recalling with its dominant air of proprietorship (as though the town belonged to it, not it to the town) the church of St. Anthony at Padua. Surely once St. Saturnin was at Toulouse *le Saint*, as St. Antony still at Padua is *il Santo*. Now that dominating air seemed to me one of the ironies of

things—the persistence, as in a dead man's face, of an habitual expression after the spirit that it expressed has fled. The town I had been wandering through boasted assuredly other saints and worshipped another god. And yet, despite my conviction that here was a mere dead bulk, the air of the building began to impose on me. If it no longer dominated, it was at least indomitable, here, in the very thick of opposing forces, holding them at bay and remaining, if only as a monument, untouched by the modern spirit.

I entered reluctantly, fearing a fresh disillusion. Inside, should I find whitewash, scraped walls, the church perhaps made a *monument national*? Behold, the delusion was not in the church but in the town. All that modern air, that cheap trafficking, that worship of the gods Mammon and Opinion of the World, was mere outside show. Commerce was an intruder that had taken no real foothold. Here, in the church of St. Saturnin, was the real, the ancient, and, it would seem, the undying spirit of Toulouse. And it was here, not as a spirit in exile, or holding at bay victorious forces, but at home, impugnable in its stronghold, untouched and scornful of the idle clamour of the modern town. The modern spirit might go air itself upon the boulevards, aye, and take with it Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, poor spectres that could not pass the sacred threshold.

The church is one unbroken nave, of extraordinary length. The Roman vaulting is unique in structure, and unique, surely, in its effect of sombre, suspended awe. The moment that I entered too was one of suspense. A closely packed crowd of kneeling worshippers, so dense and motionless as to seem a dark raised pavement, awaited the elevation of the Host.

My eye travelled over them,—not one had stirred at my entrance—and rested on the high altar, so far away that the figures of the priests were pigmy and their actions indiscernible. What ceremony were they enacting, what victim sacrificing? What jealous god were they evoking? A God of War, of Pestilence and Famine,—no God of Love, no Father of Humanity.

The congregation remained bent in worship long after the suspense was broken and the mass ended. But I shook off my sense of dread, and walked the length of the church to the back of the high altar. I was reading a notice that promised to the faithful a certain remission of the pains of purgatory if they would visit the relics, for which the charge was fifty *centimes*, when the verger approached with the key. I expressed my regret that I was not one of the faithful and could not, even if I paid my sixpence, hope for that solace of my future pains. His devout air changed of a sudden, and with the urbanity of a man of the world, he assured me the relics (like all else in this church) were unique, and offered much interest also to the tourist. I was a sightseer, I remembered, and accepted his escort. The collection, I am bound to believe, is unique. The verger's urbanity,—it gave place, moreover, to his wonted, if skin-deep, devotion, as he displayed the relics and retailed their virtues—could not however betray me to any expression of disrespect or incredulity. I had not forgotten the fate of a certain lawyer of Toulouse, who rashly noted the likeness between the bones of St. Amadour (preserved at Rocamadour) and a shoulder of mutton. The verger, for his part, felt he owed me an apology as he pointed out another object of interest, an unkind skit upon Calvin, carved preaching with

an ass's head. "Madame must not take it amiss," he said, "since it was carved long ago, when party spirit ran high."

III.

I settled into my corner of the Bordeaux express with the sense of pleasant expectancy and the purpose of journeying into the past; of living, for these few hours of swift transit, in the actual days of my comrade the Essayist. Was not all this the region committed to Monluc to be pacified? Was it not here that he made his grim progress, with the two hangmen, his lacqueys, leaving bodies of Huguenots on the trees where he passed? One man hanged frightens folks more than a hundred killed, was his experience. To the Essayist, then magistrate at Bordeaux, he confided a different experience of life, an experience of the vanity and bitterness of regret after the death of his son. I remembered the deacon, whose extreme youth caused the penalty of death to be changed to a whipping; but the boy died under the alternative punishment.

Montauban, the first stopping-place, resisted even Monluc. It held out for three several sieges and, however reduced to extremities, remained to the end a Protestant stronghold. It is now a thriving centre of commerce. Moissac, a little town that Monluc fell back on from Montauban, is sustained in the world by the excellence, I believe, of its grape-juice. Agen, where Jules-César Scaliger once wielded the sceptre of the empire of letters, is distinguished now by its prunes. They have risen or dwindled, these and other more diminutive towns, not in proportion to their valour and strength under arms, but as their soil is productive or barren. Com-

merce, not creed, has determined their fate.

An incident of the journey opened conversation with the one other occupant of the carriage. I had taken summary stock of him at an earlier stage; a rough-hewn man he had seemed to me, brusque in address, careless and country-made in his clothes. I had set him down in my mind as a successful tradesman in some form; a certain air of self-consequence fitted not ill, I thought, with that character; he chanced besides to allude to his workpeople. So, calling to mind the Essayist's advice to converse with each new acquaintance upon that in which he is conversant, I spoke presently of the trade of Toulouse. His face puckered and flushed. "Toulouse," he answered with acrimony, "was no city of commerce, a city rather of the old nobility." Surprised, I remembered one part of the town, the Delbade, I had especially noticed, and one house in particular; this time I had struck the right vein. "Madame spoke perhaps of No. —, the Hotel de —?" I assented, though not sure of the fact. "It was the hotel of his grandmother, the Duchess of —." I studied his rugged face more attentively. The lines, I now noted, as they pleasantly expanded, were not those of an astute and successful man of business, but rather of a knight of La Mancha. And a very Don Quixote he approved himself, as ill-adjusted to the times he lived in, as old-fashioned in views and sentiments, and as ready if need were to die for them. The fates were leading him, I believe, to fight against watering-hose, in place of his prototype's windmills. The Republic served him for a dragon,—for all dragons and giants rolled into one. Its days, he hinted, were numbered,—he was

going to Paris. Childlike and confiding conspirator! I might have had all his secrets for an ounce of diplomacy; but I had not the cue, and my interest, besides, was in him and not in his doings.

We walk truly, we human beings, each in our own self-made universe. To the Briton I had met on the boat the world was in the main a vast workshop; the world of this loyalist had the King as its sun, and was solely lit up in his eyes as it chanced to impinge on the fate of some one or other of the legitimate rulers of France. He also had travelled, he assured me, had been to England (to attend the funeral of Monseigneur —), to Monte Carlo (at the bidding of Monseigneur —). A reflex light was cast also, by sympathetic extension, on the homes or resorts of scions of other unhappy royal stocks. He knew Florence as the abode of the Countess of Albany (a strange woman's caprice, to give two successors to a husband of the blood-royal!). He was moved to real anger as his eye fell on my newspaper. The insolent push of the editor came to his mind,—how, on the great day of “the late King’s” funeral, he had tried to gain entrance over the heads of men of good birth excluded by the smallness of space. Yet conspiracy put a check upon feeling: the editor was of the Party; “His sentiments, however, are excellent,” he pulled himself up with. It distressed him that I should visit the Château of Montaigne, in the hands, he was sure, of some *parvenu*. Was there not the Château de Chambord? I was not turned from my route; but I accepted instead his advice as to an inn, a quiet hostelry, so it sounded, and highly respectable; he and his wife, and all the country nobility, put up there when they went to Bordeaux; the *cuisine* also was famous.

IV.

Here was Bordeaux. With my modest luggage on a lumbering omnibus, I followed on my bicycle in quest of this pearl of hotels. We turned up a side street,—that’s as it should be—but a paved one, I noted regretfully. I seemed a whole cavalcade as I drew up at the modest entrance, and the Boots hastened out to fling open the door of the omnibus with a civil air of welcome that fell strangely flat as he discovered it empty. He transferred his attentions to me, and in a twinkling,—no, in a measured, quiet moment—I was conveyed to my room. The handiest of porters had unstrapped my luggage, the trimmest of maidens had brought me hot water,—and I looked round on immaculate cleanliness, on daintiest furniture of the last century, on a bed —“The linen looks white and smells of lavender,” quoth Venator, “and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smells so.” Even so longed I, though the scent was not that of the lavender but of the luscious flower of the lime. The merits of the cook, let me add, had not been exaggerated, and it was evident that they were appreciated not only by the provincial visitor, but also in the town itself of Bordeaux.

How good a thing was life as I turned in, at last, to my lime-scented sheets! The street truly was paved, but traffic was small, and an occasional rumble served only to rouse me from blessed oblivion to a fleeting sense of the joys of existence.

In the morning, what nectar of coffee, what daintiness of china and silver! I felt all expanding with charity as I sallied forth into the streets, those streets, my dear Essayist, that thy feet once trod. “No indeed,” answered the Essayist, “they trod something quite different. I know now, more than ever, that

change is the one constant element." "But this," I objected, "is not change but development. Bordeaux was made by its commerce long before your day, and you know your own ancestors, that family famous for their honesty, made their money in commerce." "Then sameness is difference," he retorted; "Commerce now is not what commerce was then." The little brown volume had taken that morning a bodily form, and the ghost of the Essayist walked by my side, wrapped, as I thought, in the ancient black cloak that had once been his father's. I noted the satirical point to his lips, a whimsical line from the nostrils, the kindly eyes so full of feeling behind their light air of scoffing. Only his words, as he commented on this modern world, were but pale and colourless echoes of the living phrases he had applied to the world that he knew. So perchance is it ever with ghosts. "Here at least is identity, the actual stones," I turned to observe as we stood in the ancient gateway, all that remains of the Palais de Justice. "With a difference,"—he had the last word.

The ghost I had conjured up was too impalpable and pale; I longed for the Essayist in person, to discuss with him modern ideas. Would evolution, development, continuity, be thoughts too alien to find a place in his mind; or how would he resolve them into his disjointed view of life? A better use of so unique an opportunity would it be to wile from him tales, more tales, of those fellow-magistrates in whose company he must so often have passed through this portal. Under how keen an eye they aired their self-sufficiency, gave their judgments for a friend, condemned for crimes they were ready next instant to commit! Through this gate he must have passed, in more genial converse, with La Boétie. I remem-

bered that he had just returned, through this gate, from the law-courts when, sending to ask La Boétie to dine, he learned first of his friend's illness. I called to mind the details of that grave death-bed.

But these are sad thoughts. I roused my shadowy comrade from the painful reverie into which he had fallen, as once before in Rome when thinking on La Boétie, and bade him show me the point, on the adjacent quays, where, as mayor in his mature age, of Bordeaux, he had watched all night for a rumoured boat-load of rebels. "I was not so bad a mayor," he said, "though Biron, in my place, would have had the whole town up in arms. And the event," he added, "would very likely have justified his precautions, for his precautions would have produced the event."

My idle musings, my imaginary comrade, were sent rudely flying by an itinerant vendor, who jostled against me with his basket. It was mere inadvertence, and the offender's meek apology would have disarmed anger, had I been in a humour to feel it. Truly whatever it be that produces events, our own individual mood it is that fashions the world's manners to us. Only the rose-coloured optimism in which I was walking could have made all men that day so cordial and so kind. I had passed a whole morning (the chance encounter roused me to realise) idling, without ostensible purpose, in the busiest quarter of a great sea-port, and I had met with no single rude comment, with not one offensive stare or inquisitive gesture. All faces were friendly; I was a welcome guest, no intrusive foreigner.

But time was escaping me, and to-morrow I must take to the road. I gathered my wits together with diligence, and finished the day in

methodical search for the Essayist's traces, the site of his school, of the Eyquem's town-house. I visited his tomb, the statue raised to his honour, studied his hand-writing, the annotated essays in the library—and only the gateway, that I had lit on by chance, is seasoned in my remembrance with sentiment.

V.

Je vois bien, ma Dordogne, encore
humble tu vas
De te montrer Gasconne, en France,
tu as honte.

Vois tu le petit Loir comme il hâte le
pas,
Comme déjà parmi les plus grands il
se conte ?

At Castillon-sur-Dordogne the river flows leisurely, and makes truly no effort at hastening its steps; but its full, broad, rolling bosom shows no token of humility or shame. The lines of La Boëtie had roused a quite different image. Where was the thin trickling stream, that could not compete with the gay little Loir? "Is the river as big at Sarlet as here?" I asked of a woman who, like me, was leaning over the bridge. She had never, she said, been beyond her own parish, but she believed the river was still greater in other parts of its course. How had I come to imagine it small, the Dordogne? She was piqued on behalf of her river; the name left her lips as the name of a person beloved.

Rivers in France have indeed a great personality. They seem to gather up, and embody, the tracts that they water. Or they are themselves regions, not boundary lines, regions with their own specific inhabitants! *Goujon de Dronne, gremille de Seine*—but I forget the various races. No Frenchman, by the way,

would ever have asked, "What's in a name?" He knows all its magic.

The woman by my side was silently watching the lapse of the river.

"There was a woman once, in my day," said the Essayist, "whose cross-grained and sorry-faced husband had beaten her. And she, resolved to be rid of his tyranny even at the cost of her life, rose in the morning, accosted the neighbours as usual, dropping a word that they might see to her household, and, taking a sister she had by the hand, she came to this river,"—the Dordogne—"took leave of her sister as in jest, and plunged headlong from the bridge [but it was not this bridge] into the stream, where she perished. And," added the Essayist, "what was more considerable, she had ripened this project a whole night in her head."

But that was at Bergerac, and happened three centuries since. This woman watching the stream might well be of as heroic a race, but she was not wont to be beaten. The pride of her carriage made the notion ridiculous. She was drinking in the beauty of the evening, enjoying the landscape, as any modern traveller, as I, might, though she had seen it, and no other, every day of her life. Use had endeared and not staled it.

I was in the happy serenity, that particular evening, of a purpose accomplished, my mind unresisting to the pleasant bodily lassitude that follows a first day on the wheel.

Scarce arrived at Castillon-sur-Dordogne, my night-quarters, the proximity of the Essayist's *château* had lured me again to the road. The heat of the day was over already as I rode down the valley. A beneficent valley! The rich soil was as eager to yield, as the glowing sun to call forth, all culture's produce. And the acres of yellow corn, in tall and serried ranks, the trailing vines in

their brightest green,—these fruits of man's labour, while covering the first face of Nature, did but embellish and not spoil her. Cornfields and vineyards went all up the sides and over the crest of that long ridge on one of whose brows I was to look for the home of Montaigne.

Montagne, a peasant corrected me, and bade me ride farther. Corrected, I asked again for *Montagne*. *Montaigne*, this time I was told, might be reached up the next lane to the left. This disaccord of the peasants, echoing the disputes of the philologists, gave me my first real assurance that the *château* I was aiming at was really that of the Essayist. I had forgotten the present proprietor's name, which all the world would have known, and at Castillon, neither mine host, nor the friends he called to consult, could tell me for certain whether this was the only *Montaigne* in the district. Nor did they know if there was a tower, and, so far as they knew, no great author ever had lived there. And why in the world should not a dozen *châteaux* be called by a name derived from the hill-side they stood on? But no two could be called sometimes *Montaigne* and sometimes *Montagne*. Why not, in the name of all common sense? I could not see why, but I felt sure, all the same, of my quarry.

I prepared to ride on; but this second peasant arrested me. He was full of curiosity about my bicycle, wanting to know how much ground I could cover, and how quickly. He had seen these machines, but not close at hand. Bent double with age and the weight of the sticks he was carrying (he had rested them now in the hedge) he looked decrepid and toil-worn as any tiller of the ungrateful North. Has the beneficent valley no blessing, then, for her nearer sons, for those in daily touch with her

surface? Must even her teeming soil be tilled with such sweat? Has the peasant still need of his proof-armour of insensibility, as in the days when troops carried off the herds and ravaged the homesteads, and pestilence stalked through the land? "What examples of resolution," says the Essayist, "saw we not then in all this people's simplicity? Each one generally renounced all care of life; the grapes (which are the country's chief commodity) hung still and rotted upon the vines untouched; all indifferently preparing themselves, and expecting death, either that night or the next morrow, with countenance and voice so little daunted, that they seemed to have compromised to this necessity, and that it was a universal and inevitable condemnation." Their sole care then was for graves. It distressed them to see the dead carcasses scattered over the fields and at the mercy of wild beasts, which presently began to flock hither. "And even in everyday life," he goes on, "from these poor people we see scattered over the earth, their heads bent over their task, from them nature draws daily instances of patience and constancy, more pure and unbending than any we learn in the schools. How many do I ordinarily see that mis-acknowledge poverty; how many that wish for death, or that pass it without any alarm or affliction? That fellow who turns up my garden, has this morning perchance buried his son or his father."

Alas, my dear Essayist, insensibility to pain,—is it not also dulness to pleasure? How shall we improve the state of the masses, if we cannot instil discontent? How raise their standard of comfort? "What use," quoth the Essayist, "to bring comfort of body with discomfort of mind?"

There was no discontent in the interest this peasant took in my

wheel. He no more aspired after my easy running than after a bird's flight, and thought as little of comparing with either his own enforced snail's-pace.

It was a rough lane that the peasant had pointed to. I wheeled my bicycle up it slowly enough. Steep and rough the Essayist reported the road to his house, remembering how he was carried home once in a swoon, after a chance skirmish and a fall with his horse. This scene of smiling prosperity was then in the very heart of the civil disorders; now the only possible danger was thorns on the path. The cool-headed Essayist could make use of his mishap, of his first taste of a swoon, to muse on the easy approaches of death. What moral, I wondered, should I draw from a puncture?

Out on the crest of the hill ran a light, well-laid gravel road, with vineyards and cornfields on either hand, and the barest dry ditch to keep their edges. Open to all the world lay the rich land. I rode through the outlying property, past the church and the village,—houses which even a savage could count, for one set of five fingers would suffice—up the drive, and dismounted at the very door of the *château*.

Neither guard nor sentinel, "save the stars," had the Essayist, in those days when every other house was armed for defence; and in these, so far as I can bear witness, neither gate nor boundary-line marks off Montaigne from the universe.

I had already passed the tower, that one piece of the ancient house spared by a fire,—owing its safety, presumably, more to its place overlooking the entrance, than to any selective sense in the elements; only a line, now, of outbuilding, forming, as it were, one side of a quadrangle, links it on with the *château*. The

Essayist, too, I remembered, had to cross over a courtyard, if a happy thought struck him, to be noted down in his library. Successive rebuildings, since his day, may still have preserved, as is claimed, the ancient outline. And the tower, now as then, has three views of rich prospect; now as then, an inhabitant might overlook a large part, at least, of the home-*stead*.

Man is truly a thing of perversity! What more could one ask of any proprietor than to keep an old relic just as it was, to make it freely accessible to every enquirer, to student or idle tourist, antiquarian or mere traveller in the by-path of sentiment? How had I not grumbled, had I been told that I could not see the library because Monsieur was reading there, or that the stores were kept in the wardrobe, and the house-keeper was away with the key, or—any other of the hindrances that might have arisen had the tower been still put to its original uses? As it was, I could study at leisure what had once been the library, the private sanctuary of the Essayist, reserved, even as a corner was reserved in his soul, from cares civil, paternal, or conjugal. I could mount to what had once been his wardrobe, descend to what had once been the room where he had slept when he wished to be alone, to what had once been his chapel on the ground-floor. Why did a cold chill strike at my sentiment? No greater sacrilege, surely, than to leave this monument just as it was. Cold sepulchre to how warm a spirit! Let them lodge the gardener there, stack wood in it,—anything to link it on with the present life of humanity! Only the survivals perforce, in the face of neglect and misusage, are the true survivals to sentiment. The ancient spirit clings closer, the more mutilated the shrine.

What image of the Essayist, I wondered, survived in the mind of the woman who was showing his tower? A curious compound, it appeared. He was the ancient proprietor, the original family (*she* knew nothing of Eyquem, or of any still earlier race of Montaignes), but surely also a species of ogre, to lodge by choice in a tower! "He kept his wife [so she informed me, in gratuitous addition, I trust, to her other knowledge by rote] in the smaller tower [a species of buttress in the old wall] where we keep a few gardening tools."

"The passing of man is as the wind's passing." Pointest thou also a moral, poor ghost, to the sentence writ on thy ceiling?

The glamour of evening light was upon the country as I rode slowly homeward. I sat awhile, before leaving the high ground, at the edge of a cornfield, to watch the sun sink behind the opposite ridge. A beautiful landscape it was, blue and purple distance to infinity where the line of low hills breaks to let the eye through. And yet,—it was not the landscape I had looked for. A more broken, varied, and changeable scene, abrupt hills, more capricious twists in the valley, had made surely a more suitable setting to the winding path of the Essayist's spirit. These orderly lines might well have induced a more measured march of his pen. What had Nature here to set his mind so constantly dwelling on the shapeless and diverse contexture of Man? Perhaps the scenery, as the language, more to his mind was that up in the mountains,—more hardy and venturesome, as the tongue was more pithy and virile.

VI.

I mused while the sun sank. That philosophy of the Essayist,—he scarce

would have given it so high-sounding a name—that humour of his then; it also has its reverse side.

The constant dwelling on the doubtful faces of things did not impair his own buoyant vitality. The disclosure of petty springs under far-reaching actions, of the strait links that tie to earth our wide-soaring intellect, of the mingled ineptitude and arrogance of mankind, did not deaden the zest with which he regarded life's spectacle. But a new generation, looking, or professing to look, with the Essayist's eyes, saw life dwindled already and impoverished, the smallness of the actual diminishing also the possible. A humorous recognition of vanity leads by one step to dry withering cynicism.

In those hard-and-fast times, with faith pinned to contrary banners, zeal flung headlong into irreconcilable camps, what better corrective and solvent could there have been than the sense of man's littleness, of the limited reach of his intellect and the low range of his purpose? Tolerance among men, honour among thieves! Yet tolerance is divided by but a hair's breadth from indifference. A more effete age, losing its hold on illusions, its confidence in its own power of grasping, may lose also its hold on existence. A fanatic age is at least more alive than a decadent.

As the valley lengthened out in the evening light, and as I sat in the silent air, the placable soul of the Essayist showed itself to me again, in larger shape than of wont,—less familiar and intimate, but more consonant now with the broad lines of the landscape. I saw no longer the laughing philosopher, laying bare the paltry machinery beneath the fine show, but a sage brushing cobwebs aside to disclose a fair region beyond. I felt no longer a dead weight of doubt, inhibiting action; but a cool

hand passed over the fevered face of humanity, stilling delirium but restoring vitality, no longer a drag upon motive-power but a resetting to new springs of action.

Is this, then, the mind's legitimate circle? Life has us at first in her hold, buffets us perhaps with hard circumstance, teases us oftener with fruitless expectation, or chagrins us with the inadequacy of her favours. Her hold shaken off, she may be viewed in peaceful detachment from the opposite side, from the refuge of philosophy. What if the return to life be possible? Without looking back, but completing the circle, may one arrive with forward face and eyes open, to embrace her again, though not again to attend her caprices? Not merely by the gift of illogical nature, but by deliberate choice, may life be accepted even after the complete view of her vanity? Vain circumstance, even poor human nature, would wear a different complexion if actively welcomed whatever it bring,—food in all forms for the mind's power of energy—than when waited upon in passive expectancy. That

tower of philosophy, fled to on the one side as a refuge, might then command the country on the other as a stronghold, might become in very truth a citadel in the soul.

At least the first step is reasonable,—to choose energy, which is life, since life is all that is offered us, and negation the only alternative. And that first choice grounded in the logic of reason, one is left perhaps afterwards to life's logic, that moves not in syllogisms, to an inversion of the logical order, energy bringing faith in its train. It brings at least hope, the forerunner of faith, and trust, her attendant,—trust no longer in appearance or circumstance, but in a something underlying them and giving them worth.

As the peace of the evening stole over me, so a new vision of life entered my soul. I conceived it magnified in its smallness, a vast possibility casting its cloak over the poor actual. An illusion? An illusion, if it were one, whose feet were in reality and the border of whose garment shed fragrance upon life.

THE SUFFERINGS OF AN HONORARY SECRETARY.

THOUGH always pleased to hope that I possess ordinarily good abilities, I have to admit that I am not quick at figures. I can keep accounts, after a fashion of my own, but I take longer over them than most people. That fashion has never yet failed me, and it has enabled me, in my capacity of Secretary of the Westholt Division of the Soldiers and Sailors' Families' Association, to furnish correct monthly and quarterly returns of the expenditure in our division. The annual report is a horror I have not yet undergone, but I hope to come through it unscathed.

That I should have the keeping of the accounts is rather a grievance of mine against the Association. We have a full-blown Treasurer, a man of business, something in the city. I thought the accounts would fall to his lot, and nominally they do so, but it is my duty as Secretary to prepare them for the Treasurer. The preparation consists in filling in every detail of the expenditure, financial and statistical, but omitting the signature at the foot of the paper. The Treasurer, perhaps because he is a man of business, declines to affix his signature. As at present arranged, I prepare the accounts, he goes through them, vouches for their accuracy, and forwards them to the President for her signature. She signs cheerfully, and he (wise man) is free of all responsibility.

The quarterly accounts I send in to our Divisional Treasurer, the monthly paper to the County-Secretary. The first intimation that any accounts would be required of me I had from

my President. There are four office-bearers in each division, President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Secretary. The Secretary comes last, and is the bond-slave of the President, also her whipping-boy. The President is the great lady of the division; she holds the committee-meetings, takes command generally, and gets all the credit. The Secretary does all the work, and gets, when necessary, the abuse of the County-Secretary. There is also a representative of the Association in each parish.

It was towards the end of January, our first month of office, that my President bore down upon me, with a lap-full of papers and "a dear little case-register." In the case-register I was to enter every case, every soldier's family, that is to say, in the division. Besides the name and address of the family there are a number of particulars to be filled in, such as husband's rank and name, regiment, date and place of marriage and by whom solemnised, children's names and dates of birth, also details of the family's weekly income. All these particulars I was to find in the bundle of forms presented to me. Each form had been filled in by one or other of our representatives, in whose parish the case occurred and who was therefore in a position to vouch for the accuracy of the information supplied. The Association is extremely business-like and very well organised.

I was to bring my case-register, fully written up, to our committee-meeting of the next week. There is not much martial ardour in our

division,—since the war we are proud of our soldier-sons; formerly we were rather ashamed of them—therefore I had not more than thirty or forty cases to enter. They had all been dealt with by the President, and their allowances from the Association decided. The whole thing, in our division at least, was new and therefore amusing. Since the first month the dealing with the cases has been handed over to the Secretary.

My first paper was Mrs. Alice Brooks's. The questions, husband's rank and regiment were answered *Gunner and West Yorkshire Regiment*. This of course was impossible, nor would I defile the first page of my case-register with such an entry. Should I put him down *Gunner, Royal Artillery*, or *Private, West Yorkshire*? Fortunately the woman had moved into our division, and I was thus able to refer to her transfer-paper, and could let that decide. On this I found *Army Service Corps*. It was manifestly out of the question that Brooks should be simultaneously in three branches of the Service; but it was conceivable that Mrs. Brooks might have provided herself, in case of emergency, with three husbands. I glanced down to date, place of marriage, &c., and found, *Married at the registry-office at Maxted, my husband knows all about her*. I entered Mrs. Brooks's name and address, leaving other particulars to the day of the committee-meeting, when I could cross-question her representative.

CASE No. 2.—*Mrs. Kind; relationship, mother; son's name, Private A. Brown*. Mrs. Kind had evidently been married twice, her first husband's name being Brown. No difficulties presented themselves till I came to the children's names and dates of birth: *Edith Brown (sixteen), John Kind (four), Jane Kind (two)*, and a Brown baby. How on earth did the Brown

baby get there? I thought the remarks on the back of the form might help me. From these, apparently, Private Brown was alternately son and husband to his mother. Name and address were accordingly entered, details to stand over till committee-meeting.

To make a long story short, I finally entered the name and address of each case, intending to call the names over at the committee-meeting, letting each representative answer, for her own case, the printed questions in the register.

Nothing could have been better than the arrangement of our committee-room. The President, as was fitting, presided at a table. I was seated at her side, and furnished with pens, ink, &c. Thirty chairs were ranged in a semicircle round the room, and punctually at the hour named the representatives of the various parishes filed in. Each took her seat, with the air of a martyr going to the stake for her faith.

We take the villages in alphabetical order, so Mrs. Brooks, of Alshanger, comes first. Husband's rank and regiment? *Gunner, Royal Artillery*, comes promptly from her representative Mrs. Tomkins.

"Her husband is also given as in the West Yorkshire Regiment, and the Army Service Corps; do you think there can be three of him?" I ask.

Mrs. Tomkins is a clergyman's wife. She looks very straight down her nose and says severely: "Mrs. Brooks is a most respectable person."

"Still she is not entitled to the three husbands here described," I suggest benignly. Mrs. Tomkins would like to see the papers, and does so. She gazes steadfastly at them, held at arm's length (the three husbands must not come too near her) and says she would like to have the papers to

take home to Mr. Tomkins. She has them, and eventually "returns them, as desired," without comment; so I am no wiser, but as Mrs. Brooks gets no allowance from us, being well provided for, it is perhaps no affair of ours.

We went through all our cases, with more, or less, success. The Brown baby's representative was absent, so that mystery remained unsolved. Several ladies were unable to answer the printed questions, but the President kindly simplified matters by saying they were unsuitable, and I could substitute others. None of us were clear as to the difference between husband's pay or allotment so we settled that it did not matter, and considered the case-register written up.

I need not go into the other subjects discussed at the meeting, as after the first five minutes they were unknown to those present. The President spoke, asking now and then for an expression of opinion from the meeting. Everyone looked self-conscious, and dead silence reigned. Suddenly something loosened all tongues. I think it was some question of medical attendance, on which fertile subject everyone had some experience of her own doctor to relate. Unfortunately each was so anxious to get her word in, that instead of speaking singly to the meeting, each lady spoke to her neighbour. Thirty ladies all talking together, and no one over to do the listening! Once started there was no holding them. The President and I discussed the subject, and settled it. Turning to the room, she began, "We have decided,"—but she got no further. She has a powerful voice of long range, but she was numerically out-classed and immediately silenced. She and I then settled various matters. After several ineffectual attempts to record our decisions, she succeeded in

effecting a lull in the conversation, and in the comparative quiet that prevailed (sufficient to enable her to be heard through the room) she commanded the representatives to send in their accounts at the end of every month to the Secretary.

"By the 28th, please," I interpolated, repeating the date several times that there might be no mistake; "by the 28th, as I have to forward your papers to the County-Secretary before the end of the month." That would allow them to be one day late, and me to have a headache (if I wished it) and yet get the accounts off in time.

On February 1st I received my first report, accompanied by a note beginning, "As you said you wished the account sent in early in the month." In the course of the week I received all the papers due, and forwarded them to the County-Secretary. He returned them, as is customary, with a note of thanks, adding that he had absolutely failed to understand them. For the future, he begged me, instead of forwarding the various papers sent to me, to make a copy of their contents, on one form, that he might more easily see the expenditure in our division. He ended with, "Get your representatives to date and sign their papers."

Some of the reports were unsigned, all but one were undated, very few contained the name of the parish. I bore meekly the unsigned January forms. In February, fortified by the reproof of the County-Secretary, I sternly sent back all unsigned reports, begging each representative to sign her name "in the space left for the purpose at the foot of the paper, on the right, marked *signature of distributor*, and to put the date in the space marked *date* to the left." The papers were returned, with notes of apology, signed but undated. Months

of prayers and entreaties have induced one representative once to make use of the space marked *date*. The majority would rather die than date in the spot indicated,—if they date at all, which is rare. They have also a rooted objection to showing the period during which the case was relieved. I copied the February reports for the County-Secretary, and received the cheering comment that I might as well not have sent them, as, without any dates to show the period covered by the payments, the paper was useless for statistical purposes. I believed I had had endless trouble so far, but the full terror that the Association-accounts may contain was not revealed till the end of the quarter.

Each account was accompanied by a note. "I have spent as you will see 20s. this month, which with the 30s. (i.e., Jan. 15s., Feb. 16s.) makes just the £2 I received from you." The enclosed form showed an expenditure of 18s., reference to January and February showed 14s. and 15s. I returned the three account-forms, with a copy of the items, as they should have been, and received an entirely new edition for each month, the receipts and expenditure balancing as they had not done before.

Another representative wrote: "I have received in all from you £4 10s., have spent £4 6s., and have in hand 4s." I explained to the good lady that she had received from me £5 10s., and if her women had received their proper payments, as shown by her monthly papers, she had spent £5 4s.; balance 6s. I gave her every item, and prayed her to induce her figures and mine to agree. The answer was as follows: "I quite forgot to mention that I had kept back 2s. 6d. to pay Mrs. Almond with on the 30th. This will make our figures tally."

Yet another lady entered the money received from me and the

money paid to the soldier's wife in the same column. I sent her a fresh form, filled in, to save her trouble, with all details except her expenditure, and explaining her mistake. She made exactly the same financial entry a second time.

In some cases the February accounts would end with a balance in hand of 10s., but March would begin, *Balance in hand 7s. 6d.* A hint that this was incorrect produced the bland remark: "It is so entered in my account-book." Some of the papers had to be sent back again and again, with the result that the accounts were not sent in at the proper date, and I spent two days in bed recovering from them.

I had thus ample leisure to think over the situation. Several ladies had been most obliging in altering their accounts to meet my requirements. It occurred to me to wonder whether the soldiers' wives ever received the sums so willingly re-adjusted. I have learned in sorrow that the soldier's wife does not silently endure neglect; but that was later. Recognising that it was useless for me to wrestle for dates of payment, and other entries that I desired, I evolved a plan, which I rashly foretold would make me independent of the representatives' vagaries. At the beginning of the month, when it is my duty to send out the money required for the month, I also sent a small sheaf of receipt-forms, begging each representative, for every payment made, to obtain a signed and dated receipt, such receipts to be sent in to me with the accounts at the end of the month.

April was a period of joy to me. My monthly paper was correctly filled in; I sent it to the County-Secretary without my usual apology for shortcomings, and I was happy in the certainty that the women had received their allowances. I even let

fall some triumphant expressions about *circumventing the representatives*. I lived in a fool's paradise of pride and content till the quarterly accounts for June were made up.

As I anticipated considerable delay from the necessary return of faulty papers I asked for the accounts by the 25th. I got them all, made up to the end of the month, one of the women's receipts dated June 30th.

"Has Mrs. Ball had her 1s. 6d. of June 30th?" I asked.

"Oh no," said her representative pityingly. "You see this is only the 25th; I never pay before the time."

"How," I asked, "has she signed a receipt for money she has not received?"

"You asked for the accounts, and of course I have to send you the receipts too. You said the women were to sign receipts."

At that moment there recurred to my mind the contemptuous remark hurled at me by my small nephew: "You are younger than Mum, and you're not even married." I felt my contemptible unmarried condition acutely. It was not easy to set right an elderly married personage, so I said, as though it were an open question: "I hardly think they should sign receipts for money they have not had;" and I came away with a great despair at my heart.

Since then I walk humbly. I shall never circumvent the representatives. Their ingenuity in devising fresh eccentricities is beyond my understanding.

Minor troubles I have without number. I protest against a man being described one month as Scots Greys, the next as Scots Guards, especially as he also figures as Scots Fusiliers. I write, by request, to the War-Office about a woman belonging to the Warwickshire Regiment, to be told next week incidentally that her

husband is in the Worcesters. I ask for a distinction between Militia and Reserves, and am murmured against for making new rules. I decline to make an allowance to an aged parent upon the sole information, as to her income, that her children allow what they can; nor will I accept as sufficient explanation, in answer to my request for figures, that they allow what they are able to. I nip in the bud the underbred representative who tries to quarrel with me, and know that she goes sorrowing all her days with disappointment over her frustrated attempt. I am the most unpopular person in the division.

Of impostors I am glad to say I have no experience. One or two women, hoping to get more help where they are not known, have applied to the Lord Mayor for relief from the War-Fund. All such letters are sent to Colonel Gildea, who forwards them to the County-Secretary, who in turn passes them on to the secretary of the division in which the woman lives. The remarkable thing about these letters is their cleverness. They are ill-spelt and ungrammatical, yet the case is always advantageously stated and the facts skilfully marshalled. The first letter submitted to me struck me as altogether too clever to be the work of a simple soldier's mother, and I suspected imposture till I came to the following sentence: "I was born in 1838, so I miss him very much. It has made me feel such an old woman being so constantly reminded of their Heroic actions and their privations." Then I knew she had a son "at the Boar war." I too have someone that I care for at the front, and her words found a ready echo in my heart. Poor thing! her son died and was buried at Wynberg some weeks back; and the one I care for!—The troops are not home yet.

WEATHERING AN EARTHQUAKE.

It had been a lovely, if singularly airless, evening, even on the old battery, jutting as it did into the bay, shady with palmettoes and live-oaks, and green with a smooth turf ancient for America. Scarcely a whiff of the salt breeze came up from the sea, which lay gleaming to the eastward between the brown peninsulas on either hand, and we, who had come for coolness out of the great new hotel in the city, turned to go slowly back.

All round the battery lay the old quarter of Charleston, the aristocratic city of the South. I could count by the half-dozen at a time the fine old houses of a hundred and more years ago, with their stately pediments and porticoes, their cornices and light balustrades,—the homes of the great planters in the days after (and, indeed, a while before) the ever-memorable Revolution. They were spacious times, and these men flourished more exceedingly than the green baytree, and would come to town here for the season and spend their large revenues on dignified junketing and, if the truth must be told, on carouses where dignity was not. For although the ladies looked beautiful in their white muslins festooned with lilac ribbons, and wore treble lace ruffles and the daintiest caps with long lace lappets, they did not hesitate to stake their hundreds of dollars in the course of a night's play nor, even in the morning, did they object to drink each other's health in punch out of silver tankards. And the men excelled in all feats of hazard and gallantry, wearing over their

powdered wigs cocked-hats which were laced with gold and silver, and clad their fine persons in scarlet coats, satin breeches, and hose of silk. With these quiet old-world houses about me, it is easy to bring back the spirit of those far off days. These entrances,—where on either hand the steps curve gently upward in double flight and meet above in a platform screened by the stately columns of the portico—how leisurely they take one up to the double doors, and how easy even now to hear the clacking of the high heels which passed up and down. These rows of high narrow windows (screened with green *louveres*) how just in their proportion to the whole *façade* and how full of suggestion they are,—of those gay nights when country-dances were held within, and the host assigned the ladies, willy-nilly, to their partners, and strong waters flowed in rich vessels and everything was sumptuous and exclusive,—for Talleyrand might have written of them as he did of the Philadelphians of that day, "Their luxuriousness is something frightful." The very windows mirror the age; lofty for the ampler dignity of the room within, and narrow for the exclusion of the prying world without. The symmetry of these houses, so perfect and reposeful, bears witness to the self-sufficiency of the people who built and lived in them; and the old plane-trees and live-oaks still fence them from the rude winds and, I am glad to think, from the ruder person of Chicago. They stand apart in their own courts, retiring but never humble, for the people of the Carolinas

held their heads high above the New Englanders, and never forgot that they were sprung from the cavaliers of England and the best Huguenot blood of France.

Thus did the old days flicker before my mind's eye as I walked back to the hotel, a great caravanserai built foursquare and stable, and as vehemently white as paint could make it. Passing out on to one of the piazzas, I drew a comfortable rocking-chair to the edge and lighted a genuine Havana of Virginian origin,—one of the things you cannot escape in America. The blue smoke curled away up under the eaves of the verandah, then suddenly swirled round the edge and was lost against the sky; the glow in the west died down, and the stars grew twice as large, and the humming of a careening mosquito made the only music that broke the stillness of that southern night. For Charleston goes to bed early in these summer days, and the lamps, which had been burning under verandahs or on tables in the gardens which I could overlook, one by one disappeared. Another night had come at last, hot, lifelessly still, making clothes unbearable, while the general languor scarce promised sleep. Though it was early, within a few minutes of ten, I, too, had risen from the chair and standing between the columns of the piazza was drawing in a supply of scent-laden air to serve me for a while within doors, when—this marvel happened.

There came up from the direction of the sea a sudden growl,—a growl which might have come from a tiger as I have heard him in the sugar-canes in Malaya; and the whole ground rose below me and at the same moment I fell back or, as it seemed to me, was blown back two or three feet. The growl grew deeper but sharper, and then, just as plainly as

if it were turning the corner of the street near by, it sprang into the most appalling roar I could have imagined. At the same moment came the great tremor. The floor, columns, and roof of the piazza, and the solid walls of the house waved before me as a flag waves in the wind. Floor and ceiling rose and fell like the sea. I did not count, but for a while there was not the slightest sign of ceasing; rather did the roar grow and, rising, shattered its volumes of sound as if it had been thunder under foot. The noise had an awful grinding sound, as if the solid earth were crumbling and the rocks were being broken into dust. Then followed the snap and crash, avalanche, volley, and thud of thousands of tons of masonry hurled from the roofs, towers, cupolas, cornices, gables, and broken away from the walls of the buildings and poured down into the streets. Snap and crash it rattled round like Maxims; in that moment, had I known it, of the fourteen thousand chimneys in Charleston all had crumpled up and fallen save a remnant not a hundred in number. Great wooden beams warped and twisted with rapid reports like rifle-shots, and the noises became more and more complex as they also became more and more overwhelming.

As to what happened just then, I can only say that it is not easy to recall the feelings of a moment of such dismay; but I know that I was, or felt that I was, lifted about two feet in the air, and then thrown backward and then forward some seven or eight feet. With great difficulty I recovered my footing and stood with legs wide apart as if to steady myself on the deck of a rolling ship. Still more did I seem to be doing this, as the combined vertical upthrust and horizontal wave brought just that feeling of nausea which similar motions at sea only too

surely produce. Of course I had not been in doubt for a moment, after the first tremor, as to what it was; but the loud crackling roar and the extremely violent waves of invisible power, with only too visible consequences, produced for the moment so stupefying a feeling that all I tried to do was to keep my feet and wait.

But when this first shock had almost spent its vigour, the crashing and falling of masonry, together with the shrieks and screams which rent the air in a chorus of terror, sent me rushing out into the street, there to seek shelter beyond what I fondly imagined would be the range of falling buildings. I arrived there, however, to discover that so far from doing this, I had exchanged one danger for another. The momentum of the great wave was such that a space, equal to the height of the buildings, measured on the flat by no means covered or included the area in which the *débris* would fall. To give an example of this, I noticed a stone gate-pillar, some eight feet in height, snapped off a few inches from the ground and thrown a distance of fifteen feet. And so it happened that even in the very middle of the widest streets a great mass of masonry was piled up in every stage of ruin, and the pile was continually growing. Nor was this all; in addition to the danger of destruction being almost as great without as within doors, I had rushed forth into a new one. From all this great mass of masonry along every street there was rising a thick impenetrable and almost suffocating fog of dirty white dust, so thick that, as with us in November, one scarcely saw the path until one placed foot upon it. Shrieking women, cursing men, and screaming children were about me everywhere; that I could hear well enough, but it was only now and again as I stumbled along,

painfully falling again and again over heaps of masonry, that I could see my fellow-creatures and appreciate their terror and their hapless plight. Here came into sight and then vanished as he passed, a man with blood streaming down his face, clasping in his arms a woman who had swooned, and followed by two little children crying loudly with fear. They were all in their nightdresses and had just rushed out of a neighbouring house. Here, flat on his back, I stumbled over a negro, with a fearful gash from skull to neck, clearly dead, though, as I was trying to assure myself of this, no one of those who hurried by stayed to see whether he were or not. All was clamour and the confusion of darkness and mist, and though all were shouting directions or appealing for guidance, none seemed to know whither he went or why. But by one of those instincts for open spaces which seem to characterise mobs at all times, there was a steady current setting in towards the nearest square (it was Marion Square) and in that direction I was following when screams of "Fire!" and the sudden bursting forth of flames from two houses on the right again made me pause.

It was lucky for me that I did; for just at that moment there came again from the sea that awful growl rapidly rushing up to where one stood and swelling into a great grinding roar, and, with it, the rocking and the upheaving of the earth, and down came some fifty tons of masonry right before my path. My watch told me that it was eight minutes after the first great shock, but in those eight minutes there were people in Charleston who had added years to their age. Fires were springing up on all sides, caused chiefly by the explosion of lamps and escape of gas,

but the waterpipes had become choked and the engine-houses so badly damaged that a long delay ensued. Seeing that so many houses were of wood, the chief reason why the remnant of Charleston was not burned to the ground may be attributed to the calmness of the night. Nothing else was calm.

Even to this day, a negro camp-meeting will supply some really marvellous phenomena of human frenzy and emotion; but although I have often attended such meetings I have never seen anything approaching the expansion of emotion reached by the negroes of Charleston on this occasion. Marion Square, Washington Square, and, indeed, all the open spaces in the city, were crowded with them—raving, shrieking, praying, now flinging themselves upon the ground, and now leaping up into the air, now laughing like men gone mad, now weeping as if overcome with pain, calling upon “de Lord” to have mercy upon them and indeed to do anything but to come to judgment this very night! The way these poor wretches were tortured by their religious feelings made me think but little of the character they had bestowed on their God; and to anyone interested in human nature it was really a painful sight to note the abject fear with which they anticipated the advent of Him whom they acknowledged as their Heavenly Father, or the awful earnestness of their agonised appeals that He would deign, for at least this last time, to stay away from them and have mercy! It was almost curious to notice their whole bodies shivering and quivering with fear, just as one sometimes sees it in an animal. Indeed, the display of absolute despair made by the negroes exerted on the whole an influence for good among the whites generally,—though the demoniacal shrieks and

groans by which it was accompanied helped to aggravate the terror of the white women and children. For while these would rush into the square, scantily clad in their night-dresses and evidently in the greatest alarm, no sooner did they find themselves in the midst of the negroes than, partly from contempt for these unhappy Hamites and partly from a renewed sense of dignity, they assumed an attitude of quiet and reserve very far indeed removed from their real feelings, and thus, in a large measure, protected themselves and the dense crowds about them from a headlong panic. Had the negroes not been so absolutely terrified they might have run *amok* with a vengeance, but it was a touching sight to notice how here or anywhere,—for you might see it happen all over the city—the blacks in their terror turned to the whites. Many a negro girl I saw holding on to the dress of some white woman and imploring her protection.

It was not long before the dust-fog began to settle, and after an hour one could see the stars shining brightly overhead in the deep blue sky. The coming of the great earthquake,—though it had laid the city low and swept hundreds and thousands of homes out of existence (marvellously enough, not more than ninety lives in all were lost)—had apparently created no meteorological effect. Still, hot, airless, and languorous the atmosphere had been an hour before, and now an hour afterwards it had not changed in the least. Some of the more adventurous had sought for lamps in their ruined homes, and here and there in the squares and open spaces about the public buildings there were to be seen groups of people sitting dismally round a lamp which burned without so much as a flicker. But the great mass remained huddled together in the darkness,

some vociferous and others silent with a common fear.

Two more severe shocks came to us before midnight, and between that hour and sunrise there were two more; while just as people had begun to brace their nerves with the delight of the risen sun there was another heavy shock. Though none of these was equal in rapidity of approach or in severity of motion to the first shock, yet they were all serious and brought down hundreds of tons of tottering cornices and bulging walls, and again raised the cry of human terror which throughout the night rang from street to street and square to square. Every new shock added to the panic, and came with an extra strain upon nerves already hopelessly shattered. And through the whole night thousands expected the sea to burst its bounds and come rolling in a great tidal wave over the whole of the city lying flat on the bay-shore, and blot it and us out of the world once for all.

To show still more clearly the exact sensation of an earthquake-shock of great violence, I may say that in the first shock the rocking and rising and falling were so sharp and so sudden that they instinctively produced a shivering feeling. Even at its loudest, the roar of the earth, however sharp or thunderous it might be, never ceased to be at the same time strangely tremulous. Of all the images that have occurred to me to illustrate the movement, I should select the sensation of instability that might be felt on an island rock broken off, lifted up, and being rapidly split into fragments by a tumultuous Atlantic wave. That night there were eight shocks, more or less cataclysmic in their violence and all of them highly destructive, but the first was by much the worst. The roar which heralded it by a

second and continued that distance of time ahead of each succeeding tremor might be likened, simply enough, to an express train approaching you in a cutting or to the violent escape of steam from a boiler, the throbbing of which is certainly similar; but I can think of nothing which describes it more fairly than to say that it came with an ever-increasing tremulous roar, apparently produced by the beating and pounding and explosion of rocks by a force travelling at such an excessive rate of speed that no separation of the blows or beginning or ending of the sound was perceptible. From the first tremors I noticed to what seemed the last I do not think the shock lasted more than seventy seconds—quite long enough, by the way, for those who experienced it. The vertical displacement came first, the horizontal rocking followed, and combined with it, and between the twentieth and fortieth seconds of the total period of seventy, I should say the maximum of violence was attained. All this, however, I only arrived at by thinking the matter over during the ensuing night, and comparing my experiences with those of others.

The daylight showed how great was the damage and almost irreparable the loss; how even those houses which were built on solid principles and had their walls composed of good hand-made bricks and honestly cemented with shell-lime (not the abominable article of commerce which now does duty for it in the United States) had collapsed as houses built of cards, or, where the walls were yet standing, were rent from top to bottom with fissures which gaped the wider as they neared the foundations and therefore their contact, with the earthquake-wave. The wooden houses suffered even more, and frequently had been moved several feet along the piles on

which they were built. I even saw a large warehouse which had slid some two feet along the wharf on which it stood; and there was one huge warehouse, about four hundred feet long, and built on piles, which was not only of great weight in itself but had some thousands of tons of phosphate in it, which had been moved ten feet in a southerly direction! That is an example of the horizontal force of the wave. The fellow of this warehouse, in all respects similar in size and contents, had been bodily lifted up several inches.

After such a proof of the great force of the shock, it will seem nothing to speak of the damage done to domestic and smaller buildings. Yet they presented some curious examples of the movement of the earth,—in no way, perhaps, more strikingly than in the way one was taken and another left. A large store almost opposite my hotel had the whole of one side (some two hundred feet of brick wall) dashed to fragments in the street. With it went roof and floors and every partition and piece of furniture and part of the interior structure. Yet curiously enough, the front of this great building stood on the main street apparently compact and entire, with the tin sign hanging from the slender iron rod, notifying that business was still to be done. On the other hand, in the next street (Broad Street) I saw a domestic dwelling of substantial style, the whole of the front of which had fallen into the street, but left the interior absolutely intact and every room in perfect order, so that one looked successively into drawing-room, dining-room, and bed-rooms and saw them each suitably furnished, fitted and complete just as one does when looking into the dolls' house of the nursery. But there was this quaint phenomenon, — nearly every picture had been swung out

from the wall into the air and was now hanging back outwards. In another street everything had gone *ker-smash*, as the Americans say, with the exception of the roof which lay over a wide waste of bricks and mortar like a tarpaulin and apparently as intact as ever. Here, the whole of the upper part had fallen, and there much of the lower. In one place the high garden-walls were flat but the house almost untouched; in another, the house would be riddled with holes; in a third it would be riven with fissures. Of the wooden houses many were mere heaps of timber; others were completely turned over on their sides so that you would have to climb up the foundations, walk along the level of the wall of the house, and drop down into your front door with a complete sense of an abysmal descent *up-stairs*. Eccentric the movements must have been, for here heavy pictures would be thrown to the ground and their frames smashed to match-wood, while near by a delicate Parian vase stood unmoved and unhurt. The whole wall of plaster was ripped from the lathing along the side of a room; a few feet away, on a light table, still stood some framed photographs. In another, a sofa was thrown twelve feet across the room and smashed; in the opposite corner a spider-legged Chippendale chair had not moved an inch. Charleston, a city of fifty thousand people, had in a moment become homeless, and all the world and his wife began to live in the open air.

Of tents, at first, we had none; and the shifts to which we were put were sometimes absurd and always inadequate. Every sort of canopy served as a tent—rugs, carpets, quilts, curtains, sheets, and blankets. For props we used curtain-poles, ladders, balustrading and anything indeed to serve the purpose; and as one walked about it was strange to see protrud-

ing from these rude shelters the end of a richly brocaded sofa or a handsome chair upholstered in silk, and odds and ends of good furniture which had been carried hastily from the houses. Never was there such a jumble of the incongruous. Ladies in beautiful *peignoirs* peeped out of the gaps in tents contrived of curtains, and exchanged greetings with neighbours similarly situated in a wigwam of red blankets. Sometimes personal clothing and umbrellas helped to eke out the shelter; tin cooking-vessels and gilded chairs jostled one another with an equality bred of equal utility. Omnibuses, carriages, and carts all served for temporary homes; and when other expedients were apparently wanting, there were scores of huge barrels in which people were sleeping. These strange encampments overflowed the squares and open spaces, and might be found on any vacant lot, in many gardens attached to ruined houses, and even along the wider streets. I saw a ship's mainsail ingeniously spread over a wooden frame, and under it at night I reckoned there were three hundred people! Charleston, in short, became a city in camp. Everything went on under canvas, or what did duty for canvas. The course of justice was not stayed, but the judges held their court in a tent which rapidly became suffocating; for churches were substituted small canvas chapels, open in front towards their open-air congregations; the steamers and vessels in the harbour were occupied by thousands; the goods-trucks and carriages which stood in the sidings of the railway-station were crowded with refugees nightly sleeping in them, and no one, not even the boldest, ventured at first to pass the night in a house. On Sunday the services were all held out of doors, and the clergy and people

were so emotional that both frequently burst into tears. The scene outside the Roman Catholic church was very striking. It was unsafe for people to enter, so the priest locked the entrance-gate but opened wide the west door. A great concourse of people gathered at this gate and on their knees sought consolation by gazing through the doors at the altar, in front of which the red lamp was seen burning steadily in the gloom.

For thirty days following this terrible Tuesday the earthquake may be said to have continued. On the night of August 31st there were eight shocks in all; on Wednesday, three; on Thursday, three; on Friday, two—all severe and dangerous. On Saturday there were two more, and from that time the shocks decreased in violence though they occurred almost every day. In fact, they went on intermittently to the end of March in the next year. But their force was abated, and Charleston was busy rebuilding and looking forward to the future too hopefully to be downcast by them. But all the time I remained in the city and, as I heard from others, for weeks afterwards, there always seemed to be in the quiet hours of the night,—perhaps there really was—a most curious tremulous feeling as if the earth thereabouts were cushioned on a bed of jelly in perpetual tremor.

It was perfectly natural, of course, that for some people the real horrors were not enough to satiate their imagination. We were surfeited in fact with many wonders. Balls of fire were said to be bursting in mid-air, wherever there was no one to see them. It was not enough that streams of water, mud, and sand were thrown up through the fissures which had opened in countless places and given cause for fresh outbursts of terror;

some historians of the time laboured to make us believe that flames were pouring through the cracks and seams and threatening to consume the whole country. On a few occasions there was an upthrow of pebbles (probably from the wells) but these became in the course of an hour or two, or of a street or so, heavy showers of red-hot stones, completing the destruction of such houses as had been only partially demolished. Quicksands there are, both under and about Charleston; but I know of no single house which disappeared in them. Hours and days of great emotion there undoubtedly were, hair-breadth escapes without number, and strange meetings and partings in plenty; but I am sure that the prominent citizen who was seized by his burning hair as he was disappearing down a flaming fissure and pulled up out of the very jaws of hell by the keeper of the dry-goods store (to whom he owed much) was not at Charleston on this occasion. History is notoriously difficult to write, but according to some of my American friends it is fairly easy to make.

It was only after a week and when I was leaving Charleston for Savannah and the South, that we realised how really extensive the earthquake had been. For more or less severe shocks had been felt as far north as Canada, as far west as the Rocky Mountains, and as far south as Cuba; but Charleston was within fifteen miles of the centre and radiating force, and all its great devastating power was devoted to that unfortunate city. But the elasticity of the American temperament is great. Within a week, amidst all the ruin and confusion, trade began again. With a characteristic

grasp of the sweet uses of advertisement, large posters appeared outside the stores with legends such as these writ large upon them: *Same as last week—Building down, Business up—See our new Fall Stock—Owing to the Removal of our Walls, our facilities for handling our Business are Increased.* To meet the very real distress, money began to pour in from all parts of America and beyond it—even from our London Mansion-House; and I think that one of the quaintest endorsements ever made was that written by the Mayor on the back of a cheque for five thousand dollars sent by the city of Baltimore: *The momentous question that came down to us through the centuries—Who is my neighbour?—has been answered. (Signed) Wm. A. Courtenay, Mayor.*

But when I left Charleston I had not done with the earthquake. Wherever I travelled in Georgia or Florida I came across vestiges of it and constantly experienced renewed though milder shocks. And more than two months later, when I was sitting in the hall of the chief hotel in the quaint city of Savannah, with its wonderful live-oaks and intolerable streets of sand, a violent shock turned the hotel practically inside out and sent two hundred people flying, dressed or half dressed, into the open square in front. On the next day after I set sail in a coasting-vessel for New York, which port we safely made after having spent three dismal nights and days lost in one of those impenetrable fogs that make the reef-bound coast of Cape Hatteras unenviable indeed. Still, I had weathered the earthquake.

ARTHUR MONTEFIORE BRICE.

THE HOUSE BY THE SEA.

My friend and I were walking along the sea-shore in front of a northern town at which we had spent the summer together. He, who was a painter and rather a moody fellow, had been for a long time silent, and I, in silence also, was observing the unusual and sinister appearance of the landscape. It was a strange evening. The sun, not yet set, was a dull orange colour, and with one single, vertical, upward ray disappearing into a cloud above, seemed to hang suspended in the mist like a huge pendulum swinging over the edge of the world. The sea beneath it had that curious unliquid appearance which sometimes falls upon it with night, while across it and the sand a mist was slowly dragging itself, and with us, as we walked, there sped the long, melancholy, complaining sound of a wind that carries rain.

"What a strange night," I said aloud.

"Yes," answered my companion, raising his head and coming to a halt. "It is on such a night, in such a scene, that I find the answer to those well-meaning people who would convince me that a landscape is incomplete without a human figure. Confess now, you who maintain that there is no great art which has not its birth in great emotion, what is there wanting in this solitary shore, under this darkening sky, to which a human figure could add anything of passion? Even the sinister touch which your modern artist demands is here."

"I agree with you," I returned, "that there is in this desolate land-

scape a deep and lasting emotion, but it seems to me as though one should go a step further. Suppose this wide sea-shore as waiting for some passionate human moment. Suppose that, even as we are walking here, some tragedy should detach itself from those dunes and come to meet us."

"I see what you mean," he replied after a pause; "but in that case I should give up painting. Such emotion is not paintable, or at any rate it has no place in landscape-painting. Your human climax would unnerve me absolutely."

"For instance?" I asked.

"Ah, that is difficult," he answered; "but I will try, if only to convince you. Shall we walk on?"

We resumed our walk, and after a moment's thought he began.

"Well, explain it as you will, but your suggestion, and perhaps also something in this place under its unusual aspect, has recalled to my thoughts an incident which I witnessed years ago on just such a shore as this, an incident which I had almost forgotten, but which recurs to me now with great vividness, till I seem to remember every word and gesture of the unhappy woman whom I then discovered. It happened, as I said, some years ago, so that I was younger than I am now. I had gone to a small sea-side town to paint. The town itself was a fair-weather place full of invalids and fine ladies, but several miles along the shore there was a hamlet, or rather a jumble of huts built under the sand-hills on a part of the shore from which the

water had receded, and which, covered by a green moss, became even then at high tide little more than a morass, quaking and difficult to cross. This colony was inhabited by the shrimp-fishers who abound on those sandy levels and had a bad name for squalor and rioting.

"One day I set out to walk to this place along a raised high-road built out on the sand between the sea and the town. It was a fine day; the sun had blazed down from earliest morning and by mid-day there was not a cloud in the sky. Miles of bleached sand, which the tide had not covered for weeks, were around me, and the road, raised above it, upon which I was the solitary traveller, with its end disappearing, as it seemed, into that wilderness, appeared to me like a great visible parable or irony of life. There was no wind, and the sea had ebbed far away out of hearing, and, except for one long flickering line on the horizon, out of sight. Looking back at the point where the road makes an abrupt turn to the left towards the land again, I saw the promontory upon which the town was built, rising, or so it appeared at that distance and place, straight from the sea, a white curved arm encircling the shore. Leaving the road now empty behind me, I was at once at the entrance to the uninhabited country of sand, such a place as the one through which we are now walking, on one side rough hills bound together by grey wisps of deep-rooted grass and untrodden mosses, and on the other a low sloping plain, with its gulls and sea-fowl, its passing sounds, its vague unlocated mourning and lament,—a silent waste where few people go and where strange things might very well happen even in daylight.

"For an hour I walked through this desert without seeing any living being,

and hearing only my footsteps in the sand. Then on looking back I could no longer see the town, and in front of me the sand-hills changed in shape, becoming lower and lower, until at last they had the appearance of one large field lapsed without purpose into sand. From this point I could see the long green spit which the land had thrust out towards the sea, and above it the houses of the fisher-folk, tumbling hovels jostled together without any attempt at a street among them, the whole settlement haphazard and desolate and now almost empty.

"As I wandered among these huts, from which came the sharp, pungent scent of tar, of tackle and salt-fish, all at once I came upon a ragged house of the kind to be met with in a moorland country, long and low and roofed with slabs of stone which had gathered a greenish tinge from mould and exposure. Beside it, and joined to one end, was the black unroofed skeleton of an old windmill. How far inland had this mill once stood before the sea, sucking away the land had advanced to its edge, then retreating, left it useless to sea or land? It stood quite solitary, holding aloof from the crowded impudent huts below, like a baited creature sullenly giving no sign to its tormentors.

"It seemed a ruin so desolate that the thought of any person living there did not occur to me. But following the track which led to the landward side of the mill I came upon a woman standing with a child in her arms. Stunted and bent with work rather than with age, for her shoulders were bowed, her hands seamed, and her arms long and powerful, with one hand she stroked the head of the child who lay on her neck without stirring, uttering a faint whining sound like a sick animal. And, indeed, on coming nearer I saw that it was very ill of some wasting disease. I

saw also that the woman's face was sunken, her mouth drawn in, her eyes dull in the midst of two dark hollows. To explain my appearance I asked some question about the mill which she answered briefly; and then looking at the child I said: 'The baby is very ill.'

"Yes, Sir," she said.

"Is she your only child?" I asked.

"No, Sir," she answered; 'I'm the mother of eleven. You wouldn't think it to look at me, but I am. They are all buried but this one. I had four little boys among them; they seemed strong, but they died.'

"Eleven is a great number," I said, something at a loss for words. 'Did you lose them young?'

"Before they was of an age to take notice. Yes; I've had eleven little children. It seems a good many, but the Lord was very good to me, as He is to poor people: He took them all from me. Yes, Sir," she continued, seizing desperately at the sympathy of a stranger as a lonely person will, 'I grieved at the time very hard, especially when I lost all the little boys; I couldn't part with them easy. But the Lord knowed best. I dare say He thought of the struggle I should have had to keep them all. I should have had to work harder than what I have done to keep eleven children. And then the thought comes to my mind that they're all there waiting for me.'

"That is a comfort to you," I said.

"Oh yes, Sir, a comfort. But it grieves me most that I can't read. I can't fly to God's Word in trouble. The Lord knows it and no doubt He'll forgive me. There was a lady tried to learn me,—in her own home she did; she took me into her own home, but what with having had to work and being of a good age I couldn't take it. She gave me the

Book too; but there,—I can't read it nor never shall.'

"Perplexed and embarrassed I did not know what to say, but the woman, pushing open a door behind her, continued: 'My father's in the house. Will you come in and see him?' She went through the door-way and I followed her into a kitchen which was dim and close and dry as an oven, in the darkest corner of which a very old and very decrepit man was sitting, his head fallen on his breast and his hands clasped in front of him. The woman went up to him and grasping his shoulder shouted: 'Father, Father, here's a gentleman come to see you.'

"The old man raised his head and, sighing at every movement, peered round the room in search of me. As I stepped forward that he might see me, he said shaking his head, 'I'm an ould man, Sir.'

"I'm afraid you're not very well," I replied taking his hand.

"I'm an ould man," he repeated; 'that's what it is; I'm an ould man.'

"He's eighty-nine is Father," said the woman; 'aren't you, Father?' she asked bending down.

"Eh?" said the old man looking up sideways.

"You're eighty-nine—eighty-nine years of age.'

"Yes," he said, 'eighty-nine; the age of my father before me.'

"That's a long life," said I; 'you remember strange things I dare say.'

"Yes, Sir," he said, stirring a little, and gasping at the same time. 'Do you know a place called Home's Wood?'

"No," said I.

"Home's Wood," he repeated looking at me doubtfully. 'No? It was theer I come from,—from Home's Wood. There was a journey-man

tailor lived there in them days, very like you to look at. You don't know it?"

"'No, I never heard of it,' I said again, upon which he seemed to consider. 'I had two donkeys in them days,' he said after a pause, raising his head and chuckling; 'that was before I come here.'

"'Tell us their names, Father,' said the woman.

"'Names? There was one of 'em Lady and the other was Lion.'

"'He were a pedlar once wur Father,' explained the woman, 'before he wur laid aside. It's rheumatic gout as ails him. I laughed at the doctor when he told me. "Oh yes," he says, "it's all right; poor people can have gout as well as the quality." "It seems then," I says, "that there's complaints can be had free by poor people if there's nothing else;" and he laughed and says "Yes, it does seem so."'

"Here the old man stirred again and looked at his daughter. 'She's seen sorrow,' he said. I nodded. 'Yes' he said 'she's seen sorrow.'

"After this he became silent and with his head bowed seemed to have withdrawn from us into himself, into his memory perhaps, or that empty echoing place which his memory had become.

"The woman, talking still, went to the window-sill and took from it one of those cheap Bibles which are used to distribute among the poor.

"'This is what the lady give me,' she said holding it out to me. But as I took it, a movement from the child in her arms made her look at its face. I could see that it was already dying. The woman held it for a moment, and then, laying it on a wide chair covered with a cushion, she went and seated herself on the floor several paces away and covered her face with both hands. 'I cannot abide it!' she cried. 'Oh, I cannot abide it!'

"The old man remained motionless, and though I saw that there was nothing to be done, I could not go away. Then I thought of going to summon some help and moved towards the window to lay down the Bible which I was still holding upon the sill; but suddenly the woman springing up snatched the Book from my hands. She opened it once and held it as though trying to read it; then, with a gesture which I have never forgotten, she raised the child's head and laid the Bible underneath it. At the same moment the child trembled and lay still, its head resting on God's Word. I could do nothing. I went out and found a woman to whom I gave some money and sent her into the house; and then I set out over the sands, which were nearly dark, towards home.

"You see," said my friend in conclusion, "I know the kind of emotion you mean. But don't ask me to paint it—that's all."

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël !

To-night strange news we have to tell.
Three wandering merchantmen we be,
Come to you from a far countree.

The world is wide from sea to sea,
Many as sands its wonders be ;
But never sailor's tongue can tell
Of stranger goods than these we sell.

With scented woods in far Cathay
The merchants traffic day by day,
With carven ivory, ball in ball,
Tables of teak and jade-beads small.

The hunters from the chase come back,
Where their own blood has made the track,
With tiger-claws and tiger-hide,—
The world is rich, the world is wide.

But we three merchants have to sell
A thing more warm than wild beast's fell,
A thing more rich than teak or jade,
Fairer than toys for princes made.

Here in a carven box lies hid
A secret Egypt's pyramid
Were all too poor to buy, a thing
By beggars sought, scorned by a king.

Who to this casket puts his ear
The singing of the stars shall hear ;
And under those strong melodies
He shall hear, too, a Baby's cries.

Who to this casket kneels to see
What secret in its clasp may be,
Shall see the shining of a star
Brighter than those which flame afar.

A Christmas Carol.

The bounds of time shall break, and he
A night in Nazareth shall be,
And seek the manger manifest,
To see God on His mother's breast.

Ages ago such sight we sought,
And beyond space and time were brought
To roam the world as merchants three,
Bearing for sale this mystery.

The world is fair, the world is wide,
The strong men perish in their pride :
The world spins on, and all is well—
Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël !

IMPRESSIONS OF KLONDIKE.

V

A GREAT deal that is misleading has been written about the climate of the Klondike. The country is an Arctic one, and certainly not a place for delicate persons; but with reasonable care, proper food and clothing, and attention to the elementary rules of health, there is no reason why the Yukon Territory should prove fatal to anyone. It was not the climate that killed many and ruined the physique of more; if the victims had led anywhere else the life they led in the Klondike the results would have been the same. Nearly every case of collapse was due to want of proper nourishment, over-exertion, dissipation, or uncleanness,—often to a combination of all four causes. Scarcity of fresh food predisposed many to disease. In their haste to grow rich men were led to work an unreasonable number of hours, to ignore the necessity of cooking their food thoroughly, and of taking time over their meals. Fat bacon, greasy beans, bread made with baking-powder, tea and coffee, often without milk and sugar, were the typical articles of food, varied occasionally with oatmeal and dried fruits stewed. Even the fresh exhilarating atmosphere of the Klondike could not enable men, who were leading particularly laborious lives every day of the week, to maintain health and strength on such a diet. A man requires good food under ordinary conditions of life; and in an Arctic country, where the cold saps the vitality, not a worse but a more generous supply of nourishment is essential. But, owing to the mistaken advice given them, the

majority of those who went to the Klondike only took with them what were deemed the necessities of life, a supply of food upon which no white man would think of living at home for a month, much less for a year. The high prices that ruled in Dawson prevented many men from purchasing luxuries, even if they were wise enough to appreciate how miserably inadequate was their outfit.

Dirt was another fruitful cause of disease and ill-health. Personal cleanliness is not the strong point of the miner in any part of the world, but in Klondike the neglect of this cardinal virtue amounted almost to a crime. To a limited extent it was excusable, for a bath is no easy thing to come by in those parts. In winter snow or ice has to be melted, and in summer the water in nearly all the streams is very muddy; but upon those who persistently ignored her laws, Nature took a terrible vengeance.

All these evils, however, arose out of the circumstances under which men were living in a wild, isolated, unsettled country, and cannot be put down to the climate, which, though severe during many months of the year, is certainly not unhealthy. Except for the absence of sunshine from November to the end of January, the winter is not depressing. The sharp, dry cold, without a breath of wind, is particularly invigorating, and enables one to accomplish without excessive fatigue what would be impossible in a more genial climate. Even when the sun does not rise above the

horizon there are never less than six hours of daylight, and eight hours of sufficient light by which to work out of doors.

During the winter of 1898-9 the lowest temperature recorded was fifty-five degrees below zero, or eighty-seven degrees of frost; this occurred at the end of November, and only lasted for a few days. The next coldest spell, when the thermometer remained almost persistently at from forty to fifty degrees below zero, was in February, and lasted for nearly a fortnight. But these low temperatures are not so terrible as they sound. There was not a day during this extremely cold weather on which I was not out for many hours, often travelling long distances. I have walked as much as forty-five miles a day, and after a good sleep felt none the worse for it. In England, even if I were in good condition, such a journey would be a physical impossibility for me.

Two things I learned by experience carefully to observe. The first was to make adequate provision for shedding the wind. Even the slight stir caused by walking through the still atmosphere must be guarded against. The keen air cuts like a knife, and pierces all ordinary clothing; and I shall not readily forget what I endured from neuralgic rheumatism in my knees the first time I was exposed for hours to the cold without proper protection. A parka,—which is practically a long sack with arms, and a hood that can be drawn over the head or thrown back—made of some light fur, soft leather, or cotton twill, is the best thing for shedding the wind under all circumstances. My own parka weighed less than four pounds, and proved invaluable. The only other differences I made in my winter-clothing between London and the Klondike, were a flannel instead of a linen shirt, felt instead of leather

boots, lined buckskin mits instead of gloves, and for head-gear a woollen toque that could be pulled well down over the face and ears. The second thing to be observed when working or walking is not to be too warmly clothed. Nothing is more dangerous than to get over-heated, and wet with perspiration. A violent chill is almost certain to be felt as soon as one stops, and if dry underclothing cannot be obtained the result may be serious.

There are traditions that at times the temperature in the Klondike falls to seventy and seventy-five degrees below zero, but I am not inclined to give any credit to these stories. Except during the cold spells the thermometer during the winter of 1898-9 ranged from fifteen to forty degrees below zero, the average being approximately from twenty-five to thirty. This was not in Dawson, but up in the mining district. But the more moderate temperatures often prove the more trying, owing to the prevalence of wind. Ten degrees below zero with a strong wind is far harder to bear than eighty-seven degrees of frost with not a breath of air stirring. In exposed places like Dawson, where the wind sweeps down the Klondike and up the Yukon River, as through a vast funnel, there is always more or less wind; but in the valleys a breeze in winter is rare, and I never knew it to blow during the extremely cold weather.

The autumn and spring are delightful, with plenty of warm sunshine during the day, and sharp, bracing frosts at night. These bright days, when it is rarely cloudy or stormy, compensate for the short dark days. I thought the weather during September, March, and April, perhaps the most beautiful I had ever experienced. In May the days begin to grow unpleasantly long, and the sun too hot. The sunshine is white and

glaring, and though the heat of the sun is not remarkable, it is peculiarly scorching. During the summer from eighty to ninety degrees in the shade are not uncommon in the middle of the day, but the heat is nearly always tempered by a refreshing breeze. The mornings and evenings are cool, the nights damp and chilling, and the constant variations of temperature are trying to everyone. Storms of rain and hail are frequent, and though the summer generally speaking is a dry season compared with England, the weather is often cloudy for days together and depressing. During nearly three months it is sufficiently light to work the whole of the twenty-four hours, but even on the longest day of the year the sun dips below the horizon, and except from the tops of the hills is invisible for a considerable time.

Winter in the Arctic regions makes different impressions upon different minds. To me the dominant characteristic of the Klondike was its silence, a silence that was always oppressive and at times appalling. There are few things that weigh heavier on the spirit, or are harder to sustain unshaken. Away from the beaten lines of travel there was not a sound to be heard, except the noise of one's own movements, which, in that dry still atmosphere, thrust itself upon the ear and alarmed by its unaccustomed importunity. For many weeks it was almost a pain to move about my solitary cabin; the creak of the boards under my feet, the harsh noise made by the moving of any article, jarred upon the ear and startled the attention. I seemed haunted by strange sounds, which preyed on the mind and terrorised the nerves. Outside, the solemn silence was only broken by the hoarse cry of black, ominous ravens. For weeks at a time not a breath of air

stirred, and even when the wind blew there was not a tree, not a bush, near my cabin, in which it could awake mournful music. It was a silence as of the grave; a frozen world wrapped in death-like stillness, that overawed the mind and stifled human aspiration.

The solitude of Nature is only one degree less oppressive than the loneliness of a great city. There can be nothing so depressing, so hopeless, as the feeling that comes to the weary and the unfortunate in the midst of thousands of fellow-beings with whom no ties of friendship exist. But next to the despair born of this loneliness, comes the despondency that fills "the wilderness and the solitary place." Brought face to face with Nature in this way we recognise that the bond we would fain believe to exist between her and humanity is a thing of the imagination, and that it is only our craving for sympathy which leads us to endow with our own emotions the passionless, unheeding world about us. The sea moans, but it is not with those who mourn; the sun shines, but it is not for those who rejoice. In face of the insensibility and unconcern of Nature man feels a pigmy; his aspirations are dwarfed, the limitations of immortality hem him in on every side. Few who have spent a winter in the frozen North can escape feeling the oppression of its silence, the dread of its solitude.

I have been in many parts of the world but have never seen anything to equal the glory of sunset and sunrise in the Klondike. Night and morning the sky is aflame with colour, to which the long cool shadows, the dark green masses of fir and spruce tree, the sombre rolling hills, are a vivid contrast. It is an apocalypse of the immortal and the earthly. The skies glow, the ethereal blue is barred with fire, far away the Rocky Moun-

tains clad in eternal snow grow rosy at their peaks, and hide their seamed and rugged sides in deep purple shadow; but at our feet the earth wears no radiant garment, for neither the glory of the sun nor the splendour of the moon can transform the dreary monotonous hills, or brighten the dense colour of the Arctic verdure.

VI.

Of the wealth of the existing gold-fields it is difficult to give trustworthy information. From the first the total output of gold has been grossly exaggerated. The wealth of the Klondike has been judged, not upon the basis of what all the claims worth working will yield, but upon the basis of what has been obtained from a few exceptionally rich ones. At the same time there can be no doubt that the district is a very rich one. The total output for the year 1897-8 may safely be estimated at nearly three million sterling. During 1898-9 the value of the gold obtained must have been close upon five million, and it is believed the returns for the past year will be nearly six. Altogether fully, if not more than, thirteen million pounds worth of gold have been taken out of the placer claims, and it may confidently be asserted that not a tithe of the wealth of the existing gold-fields has been touched. But whether the very large deposits of gold that exist outside exceptionally rich areas can be worked at a sufficient profit to justify the employment of capital, is a question which only mining-experts can answer satisfactorily. The shortness of the summer, the scarcity of water, the absence of lakes which could be utilised as reservoirs, the uncertainty whether hydraulic methods can be applied successfully under the peculiar conditions of the Klondike, render it

difficult even for mining-engineers to speak with certainty. On the whole I am inclined to think that the obstacles can be overcome, and that many years must elapse before the Klondike as a gold-yielding district is exhausted, even if no new discoveries are made.

Whether new placer gold-fields, and quartz sufficiently rich to pay for working, will be found, is a matter of conjecture. The districts of the Stewart, Pelly, and Salmon Rivers, of which so much was expected, have so far proved grievously disappointing. So far as we know not a single discovery has been made outside the Klondike mining district, and its immediate vicinity, which promises to prove of value. The considerable amount of intelligent prospecting done has conclusively shown that gold does not exist in paying quantities in many places where there were believed to be rich deposits. But it would be rash to assert that good placer claims will not be found in other parts of these large areas. The conditions which governed the distribution of gold in the Yukon Territory are only now being examined, and those entitled to speak with authority are confident that in time new and valuable gold-bearing areas will be located and developed.

The Klondike is essentially a country for the employment of capital. In the development and working of claims the poor owner is forced to adopt slow, costly, and wasteful methods, and only works the richest part of his claim. The remainder of the ground is left untouched because it would not pay to handle. But in many of the creeks there is gold in every foot of the waste ground, and gold in ample quantities to warrant working by improved and economical methods, which are only within the reach of capitalists. Up to the

present, except in a few instances, nearly as much gold has been left behind in the ground worked as has been taken out; while, even of the gold brought to the surface, a considerable percentage is lost owing to the careless and defective methods employed.

Nothing more primitive can be imagined than the system of mining that prevailed up to 1899. Upon the majority of claims not more than three or four men were at work; and beyond picks, shovels, and a few carpenter's tools, they had no appliances. Two or more shafts were sunk, about twenty feet apart; the alluvial deposit was cut through with a pick and an old axe; so soon as sand and gravel were reached, the ground had to be thawed by means of wood fires. Each fire only penetrated to a depth of eight or ten inches, and consumed a large amount of fuel, which not only had to be cut and split, but often hauled by hand from a distance sometimes of a mile. Sinking was therefore painfully slow work. When a depth of six feet was reached, a windlass had to be erected over the mouth of the shaft, and the thawed ground brought to the surface in square wooden boxes, or buckets as they are called, attached to the end of the windlass-rope. In some districts gold is found at the very beginning of the gravel, the deposit increasing in richness until the broken bed-rock is reached. The bed-rock varies greatly in character. It consists chiefly of mica-schist, quartzite-schist, quartz, slatey-shale, and in a few places of ground-up quartz and other sediment. Where the broken stone stands on edge across the valley, or across the course the gold was driven, it acted as a riffle, and the deposit is generally very rich. By means of his gold-pan the miner tests the value of the auriferous ground

every few inches. The pan, which is made of sheet steel, is circular, with sloping sides, and holds rather more than a large shovel full of gravel. In washing out a sample of auriferous dirt the pan is held in a tub of water, and skilfully swayed from side to side. This motion gradually sends the heavy gold to the bottom, and the sediment and gravel are washed away over the edge, the larger stones being taken out with the hand. There is much more skill in panning than might be imagined. An old hand will separate every particle of dirt and gravel from the gold in a surprisingly short time, without losing any of the precious metal.

After all sand and gravel have been got rid of, the gold is found at the bottom of the pan, together with a quantity of black sand, which is really nothing but pulverised magnetic iron ore. Where the particles of gold are not light and flakey most of this heavy sand can be panned out in the same way that the gravel and sediment have been got rid of. But where the bits of gold are light and fine a little mercury is placed in the pan, and run backwards and forwards over the sand. Wherever it touches the particles of gold they combine with it, forming an amalgam, which is placed in a piece of buckskin, and the surplus mercury squeezed out and put back into a flask for further use. The lump of gold and mercury that remains is placed in a steel pan or shovel, and heated over a fire until all the mercury is vaporised, and nothing remains but the gold. Mercury is seldom used in the Klondike District as the gold is fairly heavy; but the product of each pan generally has to be freed of black sand with a magnet, to which the particles of iron ore adhere. These rough and ready methods are excellent for the prospector, but lead to considerable loss

when applied to the working of a mine. It is surprising how little gold it takes to make up the value of sixpence or a shilling; and the wasteful, happy-go-lucky miner throws back upon the ground the value of a great many more shillings in the course of a week than he imagines.

Panning-out is the sole guide of the alluvial miner. Without it, particularly in a frozen country, he is working in the dark. Its results tell him how much of the gravel is worth winding up to the surface, and how far down in the difficult bed-rock, which first has to be thawed by fires, and then loosened with the pick, it is worth while to go. This taking up of the bed-rock, to the depth of from one to three feet, is very slow, laborious work, but the miner is often rewarded by seeing the gold lying thick in the crevices, and adhering to the sticky sediment on the face of each piece of stone. I have taken as much as ten shillings' worth of gold off one small piece of bed-rock.

When the shafts have been sunk to the desired depth, the miner connects them by a tunnel. Every inch of the frozen ground must be thawed, and until a considerable working-space has been cleared, all the ground, rich or worthless, has to be wound up by hand to the surface, the pay-dirt, or auriferous soil being thrown on one heap, and the waste on another.

As the face of the drift underground is extended, fires are laid. These are lighted the last thing at night, and are burnt out by the morning, when the drift is ready for the miner with his pick and shovel. Three industrious and intelligent men will work a surprisingly large piece of ground in this primitive manner between the beginning of October and the end of April, the ordinary months for working in winter. Much depends, of course, upon

whether an ample supply of fuel has been laid in beforehand. For mining-purposes, and for heating their cabin, three men require fully thirty cords of wood; and on some of the rich claims, where a large number of men are employed, as much as four hundred cords are used in a winter. In a district where the trees are not large, the timber, at this rate of consumption, may truly be said to vanish like smoke.

As the warm weather approaches drifting underground has to be given up. The milder atmosphere causes the fires to thaw out to a greater height than required, the roof scales off, and there is a danger of the undermined ground caving in. Another and more serious obstacle is the carbonic-acid gas generated underground by the wood-fires; this is deadly, and has caused the loss of many lives in the Klondike. While the cold lasts, and the atmosphere is light and dry, the gas, even with little or no ventilation, readily ascends; but so soon as the weather gets warmer, the gas hangs about in the pit, clinging to the ground and the sides, and filling the crevices. Being scentless, its presence is first detected by a slight smarting of the eyes; and the miner who, through ignorance or foolhardiness, neglects that ominous warning has few minutes to live. As he moves about he creates a current of air; the poisonous gas rises, and the unfortunate man suddenly falls insensible. Unless help is at hand, and he is at once taken to the surface, and means of restoration applied, death ensues within a few minutes.

I had an unpleasant experience soon after arriving in Klondike with this deadly enemy. K. and I had gone to examine a claim on Hunker Creek, where was the owner M. with two other men, A. and J., to help us.

We were fully warned of the danger of carbonic-acid gas, and were all made more careful by a shocking tragedy which had just occurred on Dominion Creek. There three men had been at work, two on the surface and one below. Suddenly the man at the mouth of the shaft saw his comrade underground fall as though dead. There was no ladder. Calling his other mate, he made a loop in the end of the rope, put one foot in it, grasped the line in his hands, was rapidly lowered to the bottom, and, being a powerful man, picked up his insensible companion, planted both feet in the loop of the rope, and shouted to the third fellow on top to hoist. The man at the windlass wound his two companions up. Without being aware of it the man who was carrying his insensible partner had inhaled a good deal of gas and the moment he got into the fresh air near the top of the shaft he lost consciousness. His hands relaxed their grasp and both men fell back into the mine. Helpless to render assistance alone, the man at the windlass frantically sought help; but aid came too late, and when taken out, both the unfortunate men were dead.

This made us very cautious. Fires were lighted in two shafts, connected by a tunnel, for ventilation, and ample time was allowed for all gas to escape before we attempted to descend the next day. Then we lowered a lighted candle into the mine, and as it burned brightly we concluded there was no danger. Owing to an injury to my foot it was arranged that I should stay on the surface with J. My friend K., the owner, and one of the miners were let down by the windlass-rope. They declared there was not a particle of gas, and we sent down the buckets to be filled with samples of the auri-

ferous deposit. The man J. who was working the windlass had been drinking, and was in a nervous excitable state. The first bucket came up, and taking it off J. sent down the rope again. As he was winding up the second, I saw A. who had been using the pick and shovel, suddenly stagger. He would have fallen if K. had not caught him. "Hurry up," I shouted to J., and as the bucket came to the mouth of the shaft I swung it out, unhooked the rope, and sent it back as fast as possible, at the same time shouting down, "Make the rope fast round his body under both arms." This was done and we wound up A. quickly; he was a large heavy man who weighed at least fifteen stone. When he came to the mouth of the shaft J. held the windlass, and with much difficulty I dragged A., who was insensible, over the edge and laid him on his back on the ground. J. seized the rope to undo it, but between his excitement and the condition he was in, his efforts were useless; nor would he give way till I resorted to force, and finally got the rope loose and sent it down again, calling out to M. and K. to put the rope round their bodies. M. came up next, K. refusing to leave till the last. When the rope had been again returned, K. was evidently dazed. At first he refused to slip his arms through the loop, and insisted we should wind him up with his foot in the lower loop and holding on by his hands. How thankful I was afterwards that I sternly insisted on his doing as he was told. After what seemed a terrible suspense, he at last adjusted the rope, and we brought him rapidly to the top. Before he reached the mouth of the shaft he was insensible, and was in the first stage of a convulsion. We had much difficulty in restoring both men. Strangely enough, M. felt no ill effects, but K. and A.

were exceedingly ill; their teeth and hands were clenched, their limbs rigid and icy cold. We carried them into the shade, induced artificial respiration, rubbed them vigorously to promote the circulation, and, as we had no alcohol, gave them strong coffee. But it was five hours before they were able to walk about, and K. suffered from indisposition for ten days afterwards.

When the warm weather comes and there is plenty of water, the auriferous deposit, or pay-dirt, brought to the surface during the winter, and heaped up by itself, is washed out by means of sluice-boxes. A line of these are placed by the side of the heap. The boxes are usually twelve feet long, ten inches wide at one end and twelve at the other, the two sides being about eight or ten inches high. They are fitted into each other, the small end of one being dropped into the large end of another. In the bottom of the boxes, into which the pay-dirt is to be shovelled, and for several boxes further on, riffles are placed. In the Klondike the riffle in general use consists of four or five round pieces of wood, flattened on the part that is to lie against the bottom of the sluice-box, and fastened together by a four-sided block at each end; these are wedged down firmly to keep them in place. The fall given to the sluice-boxes varies from eight to twelve inches per box, according to the amount of water obtainable. When all is ready the water is turned through the boxes, and the pay-dirt is shovelled in, care being taken that the boxes do not choke, and that the water is allowed sufficient time to keep the top of the riffles clear of debris. The gold falls to the bottom between the poles of the riffles, and only travels a few feet; while the sand, gravel, and smaller stones are swept away by the rushing water. In

one of the boxes, which is made very much wider than the others, stands a man with a fork, who throws out the heavy stones, and turns over and over the pieces of bed-rock until the gold adhering to their face has been washed off. Every day or two the riffles are loosened, only a gentle stream of water is allowed to flow through, and by a skilful use of a bit of flat board and a whisk, most of the sand and gravel is separated from the gold, which is then scooped up, put in a pan, and thoroughly cleaned in the way already described. Where there is an adequate supply of water, the flow of which can be properly regulated, an experienced man will clean up the sluice-boxes in a short time, and take out the bulk of the gold freed from all other matter.

The clean-up is a time of excitement and anxiety for the owner, for upon it depends the success or failure of his many months of patient toil. In nine cases out of ten the result is disappointing, often disastrous. Even old miners find it very difficult to form an accurate estimate of the value of the pay-dirt they bring to the surface during the long winter months. On the very few rich claims the clean-up is sometimes a sensational sight; two I can remember which made me wish I was the fortunate owner. In one case, where six men had been shovelling into the sluice-boxes for eighteen hours, the gold taken out amounted in value to £2,200; in another, at which I assisted as a spectator, the gold was valued at over £6,000, and included one nugget worth nearly £60. A few sights of this kind are apt to make one enthusiastic for the time about gold-mining in the Klondike, and to promote a belief that you have only to go and dig, to be equally fortunate; but experience is a great disenchanter. Next to witnessing a

large clean-up the greatest sensation is a rich pan-out. In panning I acquired no small skill, and could pass for a cunning old hand at the operation. But my best pan was only a little over £5; though I have seen many finer results, one on Dominion Creek which yielded nearly £50, and one on Eldorado where the shovel-full of dirt produced fully £100. These picked pans, however, give no real idea of the value of a claim. Too often the miner in Klondike finds that he has absurdly over-estimated the value of his pay-dirt from the results of his pannings, and that though he may obtain a large amount of gold, it has cost him nearly a sovereign, if not more, for every twenty shillings he has taken out of the ground.

It is only reasonable to assume that, even if no new discoveries of gold are made, the rich deposits of coal, copper, and other minerals, which are known to exist in the Yukon Territory, will be worked. There are also considerable tracts of land that could be brought under cultivation for crops requiring only a short season. The country is very far from being the land of desolation it has often been described. The soil is rich, and when stripped of the thick moss with which the surface is covered, quickly thaws out in spring to a sufficient depth to render it productive. Many successful experiments in market-gardening have already

been made near Dawson. During the summer of 1899 there was a large supply of locally-grown lettuce, radishes, French beans, and other vegetables, which were of excellent quality. Some districts are a veritable flower-garden in summer; and many plants and flowers not indigenous can be cultivated in the open. There is no reason why any resident of the country should suffer from scurvy owing to want of fresh food. On the hills and in the gulches tons of delicious wild cranberries, bilberries, red and black currants, and raspberries may be gathered. The cranberries, which do not ripen till late in the season, can easily be frozen and stored in that way for use during the winter and spring; but up to the time I left the Klondike these abundant local supplies of fresh fruit had been almost entirely allowed to go to waste.

Though the timber in the vicinity of Dawson is small, and the supply rapidly becoming exhausted, there is plenty of fine timber up the Klondike and Stewart Rivers, and in many other parts. Pine, spruce, poplar, and birch abound, many of the trees being of good height, and of sufficient diameter to yield excellent logs. In short the country, in spite of its long winter and extreme cold during some months of the year, is a very good one, and in time can be made to support a large population.

CHARLES C. OSBORNE.

THE RESERVIST IN WAR.

BY A REGIMENTAL OFFICER.

ONE of the most important and most difficult tasks before the new Parliament is the decision as to the future organisation of our Army; and as the existing (Short Service and Reserve) system has for the first time been thoroughly tested during the war in South Africa, some details as to the conduct and physical characteristics of the Reserve-soldier may be both valuable and interesting.

It is true that portions of the Reserve have been re-called to the Colours on two previous occasions, but their embodiment then was but brief and partial, and they were not required to face a formidable foe. The test, therefore, was not a thorough one, and the value of the Reserve was, a year ago, still uncertain.

I will frankly confess that, like the majority of regimental officers, I was, before the present war, sceptical as to the worth of the Reservist. I believed that he would prove weak in discipline, a bad shot, and that, being older than many of the non-commissioned officers under whose orders he would find himself, he would frequently get out of hand and be a source of weakness rather than of strength to his battalion. I am glad to admit that, with certain exceptions to which reference shall be made, I was wrong in this opinion, and that the Reservists who have come under my eyes during a year's campaign have done excellent service in action, and have behaved well in camp and on the march. They have imparted steadiness to the young soldiers, and have not fallen behind

them in dash. Their knowledge of camp-life (acquired for the most part in India) has enabled them to pick up the essential habits of campaigning with great promptitude; and during the real war-stress of the protracted operations leading to the relief of Ladysmith, and the hardly less trying monotony of stationary life under service-conditions that followed, their discipline in essentials has been excellent.

As for their skill in shooting, the limited practice that we were able to carry out during the voyage to Cape Town showed that mastery of the rifle, once acquired, was easily regained; and on the rare occasions (I can only recall two) when they fired for a considerable period against the Boers on fairly equal terms, they showed a decided superiority, kept down the enemy's fire with perfect success, and inflicted more loss than they sustained. The last statement is made on the authority of Boer prisoners of war, with several of whom I have discussed the course of the various actions, and who had no object in deceiving me.

If the shooting of the man in the ranks was satisfactory it was, however, difficult in the limited time at our disposal to instruct the Reservist non-commissioned officer in the exercise of fire-discipline; and this statement brings me at once to the unpleasant task of finding fault, and to the duty of pointing out what I hold to be the real weakness of the Reserve-system, the non-commissioned

officer; for though the Reservist private has agreeably surprised me by his good qualities, I am bound to state that the Reservist non-commissioned officer has proved disappointing.

There are of course reasons why one portion of the Reserve has shown itself inferior to the remainder, and that portion consisting of men who must formerly have shown aptitude at their duties; and I will give some of these reasons. In the first place a considerable proportion of the sergeants serve on for pensions and consequently do not enter the Reserve at all. The sergeants who do enter it are therefore those who prefer civil to military life, those who see no prospect of rising in the service, or those who join the Reserve because they find their duties in the Army beyond their powers. It will be readily understood that Reserve-sergeants of these three classes are not likely to be particularly valuable when recalled to the Colours. The same arguments apply to the corporals, most of whom would have risen to the rank of sergeant while with the Colours had they been really good non-commissioned officers.

The second reason goes to the root of the Reserve-system and exists in all continental armies. Reservists, when relegated to civil life, particularly in the case of regiments recruited in and about London and the other great cities of the kingdom, are thrown into close contact with one another. I have frequently been told by my own men that in the street in which they live there are from thirty to forty families connected with the regiment. A large number of the men are also related to one another. It is surely evident that such close association makes it difficult for men, who have been carrying on their civil trades cheek by

jowl since they joined the Reserve, to resume the relation of non-commissioned officer and private on returning to the Colours. Home-relations to a certain extent explain why some young non-commissioned officers fail to exert authority; but it is much more the case on the occasion of an embodiment of the Reserve, and a little consideration will show why this is so.

It will, I think, be readily understood that it is a great source of weakness for a battalion going on active service to be flooded with sergeants and corporals of this description, worthy men, many of them, who could not be deprived of their rank without an appearance of harshness, and yet worse than useless from their inability or unwillingness to exercise their authority.

Before leaving this portion of my subject I should like to add that I have seen many brilliant exceptions to this unsatisfactory condition, and that in the stress of circumstances the good qualities that lay dormant even in the sluggish and inefficient shone forth most unexpectedly.

Before illustrating the admirable conduct of the Reservist in war, I will trouble the reader with a very few figures which show clearly his strength and endurance under the strain of a campaign. The battalion to which I am proud to belong was one of the first to embark for South Africa, leaving England on October 20th, 1899, and landing at Durban on November 14th. Eight days after landing it took part in the arduous and severe night-action of Willow Grange, and subsequently was employed in every operation in Natal after its arrival there. Its losses in action were very heavy, and it also suffered severely in the epidemic of enteric fever that raged after the relief of Ladysmith. On leaving

England the composition of the battalion was, in round numbers, six hundred Reservists and five hundred Colour-men. During a year of active service it was replenished from England by drafts amounting to four hundred men, of whom half were Reservists and half soldiers who had been left in England as too young for active service. The latter were sent out to the battalion in batches, as they attained the prescribed age of twenty. Within those twelve months, then, there have passed through the ranks of the battalion eight hundred Reservists and seven hundred Colour-men, and at the end of that period there remain fit for duty six hundred and fifty of the former and four hundred of the latter. The waste, therefore (to use the technical term), has been one hundred and fifty Reservists out of eight hundred, and three hundred Colour-men out of seven hundred. The casualties in action have been rather more heavy among the Reservists than among the Colour-men, and it is therefore easy to see that the superior stamina of the former has triumphantly asserted itself. Their marching-power and dogged courage has also had an invaluable effect on the young soldier, to whom a good example means everything. In these figures I have not taken into account the Volunteer company, but it is instructive to note that, although the latter did not join the battalion until after the relief of Ladysmith, and appeared on arrival to be composed of men of good physique, its rate of sickness has been more than double that of the Line companies.

The pluck and steadiness of the Reservist impressed me particularly in the early part of the campaign, partly because I had been depressed by hearing and reading many hard sayings concerning the conduct of the British soldier in the Tirah cam-

paign; and partly because the first actions of the war took place so soon after the embodiment of the Reserve and before the men had recovered from the confinement on board-ship. Troops have seldom endured a more severe initiation into the trials of a campaign than did the two battalions which formed the attacking force at Willow Grange on the night of November 22nd, 1899. Constant marching and night outpost-duty in very wet weather had told on men who had but eight days before landed from a long sea-voyage. An arduous day's work on scanty food, and movements over heavy ground lasting six hours, had been followed by a night of incessant and slow movement over rocky and slippery hill-tracks, all meanwhile being exposed to a pitiless storm of hail and rain. So cruel was the weather that the Boer picquet on Brynbella Hill (the position assaulted by Colonel Kitchener's force) had no conception that any troops would move in it; some of the Boers who were on the hill that night have since mentioned this fact to officers of my battalion. All who have experienced night-operations are aware of the great strain they make on the nerves, and it is not surprising that on such a night, so early in a campaign, and on such difficult ground, some confusion occurred, and that some shots were fired with unfortunate results.

Now, however, the good quality of the men and the value of a large proportion of old soldiers in the ranks showed itself. In a wonderfully short time quiet and order were restored in the disordered companies, so quickly indeed that those in front did not even know that anything had gone wrong; and after the briefest possible delay the whole assaulting force moved on to its task, which was easily accomplished.

This brief sketch of the assault at

Willow Grange may serve to dispel false impressions left by the imaginative narratives which appeared in the Press at the time of the action. No special correspondent was present at the assault, and one vivid and extremely inaccurate description of it was written by an individual from the secure refuge of a hotel in Pietermaritzburg. It need hardly be said that his comments were severe.

Without attempting to follow the Reserve-soldier through all the changes and chances of the Natal campaign I will content myself with saying that my battalion, in common with the other three battalions of the Second (or English) Brigade, took part in the disastrous action of Colenso, losing heavily and showing perfect steadiness with hardly the consolation of firing a single shot in return for the many thousands which sang through its ranks. In the second advance, generally known now as the Spion Kop advance, it was also warmly engaged. In the third (or Vaal Krantz) advance it spent a highly unpleasant thirty hours on that furnace of a hill, exposed to a heavy shell-fire from the front and from both flanks, bearing this fiery trial with the utmost steadiness and cheerfulness, and withdrawing at night in a manner that no troops but English could have equalled.

It will be understood that what is here said of my own battalion is intended to apply equally to the other three which completed the Brigade, though they want no praise from a humble individual like myself. Their record will appear in the Despatches—some day!

The history of Sir Redvers Buller's relief-operations were, until the capture of Monte Christo on February 18th, 1900, but a record of reverses and retirements. The retirements, it is true, had all been carried out in

accordance with orders, and, thanks to the discipline of our army, had been attended by no demoralisation in the ranks; on the contrary, it seemed to me that every man set out on the fourth advance with the same dogged determination and the same conviction that, if let go, nothing would stop the relieving force, that had appeared all through the campaign.

Monte Christo fell so easily, and Colenso was so promptly abandoned by the Boers, that the self-confidence of the men seems to have been shared by those in command, and in consequence the force marched down from its commanding position and, crossing the Tugela for the third time, entered the low ground about Colenso that was to furnish a grave for so many of their number. The fiery trial that ensued gave the Reservist a chance of showing his quality of which he took full advantage.

It was a beautiful morning, following a rainy and misty night, when on February 22nd my battalion marched down from Monte Christo and, crossing the pontoon bridge under a fitful shell-fire, turned off to the left past Fort Wylie and settled down for a rest on the wooded banks of the Tugela. The companies had been scattered along the northern ridges of the hills during the three preceding days, and the men were in high spirits at finding the battalion together again and fairly on the road to Ladysmith. Warned by painful experience, we lost no time in cooking our frugal mid-day meal (our appearance would have given Pharaoh a night-mare—we were lean kine indeed!) and therefore were not taken by surprise when, about one o'clock, we were suddenly ordered to advance. The day now became unpleasantly hot, and we spent the remainder of the afternoon lying

under shelter of various rocky *koppies* and gradually closing up on the troops in front. At dusk we were ordered to take up a position under cover of a very precipitous hill, almost a cliff, where the whole Brigade was crowded together. A heavy shell-fire was passing over our head, but did us no harm, and most of us believed that we were to pass the night here, safe enough and ready for work if required. Required we were, for scarcely had the battalion formed up when our Colonel was ordered to advance as rapidly as possible and reinforce the Brigade in front, which was hard pressed and running short of ammunition.

Knowing that directly we showed ourselves we should come under a heavy fire, we were ordered to advance in a column of half-companies, each in single rank and with an interval of six paces between each man, the half-companies following one another at a distance of about fifty paces,—sixteen lines of men widely scattered. I am particular in describing our formation in order that the reader may realise to what an extent every man in that advance could behave as seemed best to him. Darkness was coming on rapidly, shells shrieked incessantly over our heads, and the air seemed alive with bullets. The advance was a long one and while it was taking place I passed quickly from company to company, hardly anxious about the conduct of the men, so plainly admirable was it, and yet watchful that all kept up with their companies. From what I saw at the time, and from enquiries made subsequently, I do not believe that a single soldier dropped out unwounded; yet shelter abounded and detection would have been impossible.

In pitch darkness we arrived at the foot of two low hills connected by a *nek* or saddle; half the companies

ascended the hill to the right, while it fell to my lot to take charge of that on the left of the *nek* with the remaining companies. To follow the fortunes of all would be too long a story, yet one well worth telling; but I think an idea of the Reservist, and of the young soldier too, at their best will be given by relating what happened on the right.

It so happened that one of the four companies on that hill had but one officer with it; a gallant man who met a soldier's death in the action that followed. Its captain was ill in hospital and its colour-sergeant had been severely wounded at Vaal Krantz; so it fell out that the command of the company soon devolved on a Reserve-sergeant, one of a class of whom I have said hard things. Let his report written to me some days later show how true gold is proved by the fire. After describing the ascent of the hill and the reinforcement of the troops found there, the sergeant tells his tale as follows:

Colonel — then gave the order for all to make cover, fix bayonets, and keep alert. A heavy firing was then commenced by the Boers and kept up during the night. At daybreak the C. O. [commanding officer] gave the order for A. Company to advance. We advanced about 250 yards when the firing became so hot we were ordered to drop down and open fire. We kept up the firing as hard as possible which enabled the — to retire out of the position they were in. After that the Colonel commenced to double back for re-inforcements but had only got about thirty yards when he was wounded. He shouted to me to tell Mr. H. to take command, which I did. Then Mr. H. ran towards the Colonel, but before he reached him he was wounded and ordered me to take command. I then passed the order for all to keep as well under cover as possible and to await re-inforcements or darkness to retire. We kept in that position the whole day, the Boers keeping up a fire whenever they saw a move. At about 6.30 p.m. I ordered the

company to retire. I saw everybody off the hill and made my way as quickly as possible for stretcher-bearers.

(Signed) F. C. L., Sergeant.

This quiet narrative omits points which will elucidate matters to the reader: first, that the advance described brought the company to within one hundred and fifty yards of a Boer breast-work; secondly, that the men lay there for fourteen hours under a burning sun without food or water; and thirdly, that the nature of the fire under which they lay, and under which the two officers moved, may be estimated by the fact that one officer was killed, one wounded in nine places, and half the company were killed or wounded. Four days later, having spent the intervening period mostly under fire by night and day, this same company showed perfect steadiness at the battle of Pieters and volunteered to find eight orderlies for the commanding officer, that being considered the most dangerous work that fell to a soldier. Is not the regimental officer justified in his belief in the English soldier's fighting qualities?

All that has been said may, however, perhaps, be looked upon by the ungenerous as evidence from a prejudiced source. If such there be among the readers of this narrative let him consider the following extract from an officer of the gallant regiment which on this occasion received assistance from mine. The extract refers to another of the four companies on the right hill. The officer who wrote the letter is a stranger to me and to my regiment.

The company on the right of your regiment lay down in extended order across the plateau. I went on and we commenced to send our men back.¹ But

¹ These men had charged to within a few yards of a Boer trench and were unable to retire from the shelter they had found until covered by the fire of other troops.

hardly had one man risen from his place when the Boers opened fire from their trench at short range. Some returned it, while others kept running back, but what commanded my admiration was the splendid behaviour of the company of your regiment under Major S. They lay still under this fire until our *last man* had passed through, and then I heard them firing volley after volley to cover our retreat. It was fast getting broad daylight, and I am convinced that few of us would have run that gauntlet safely without this assistance.

The writer goes on to say that he formed a line with some of his men to cover the retirement of Major S.'s company in turn, and an idea of the very close range at which these operations took place may be formed from the fact that this officer subsequently examined the ground and found that this, the last position taken up during the retirement, was only four hundred yards from the Boer trench.

Wounds received at such close quarters were necessarily serious, and it is not surprising that Major S.'s company lost eight killed and sixteen wounded in their retirement. Many of the men were struck by more than one bullet.

It is pleasant to add that neither the officers nor men of the company considered that they had done anything out of the way. The subaltern of the company, when the battalion was withdrawn from the two hills later in the day, told me that they had had a warm time, that the major was wounded, and that the company had behaved well. I talked to a number of the non-commissioned officers and men without realising in the least from their remarks that they had advanced in the open, and without firing a shot, right up to a Boer trench; and it was therefore a complete surprise, as well as a great pleasure, when I heard what had actually happened, in consequence of a generously appreciative report

made by the commanding officer of the men to whose aid our companies advanced. Modesty is not always a characteristic of the soldier, but the man who does something really good is usually silent about it.

Whether my time for thinking over past scenes is to be long or short, I shall always carry with me a picture of that advance on the evening of February 22nd, 1900. When I wish to think of the British soldier, stalwart Reservist and well-trained Colourman, at his best, I shall recall those long lines moving rapidly through the dusk towards danger, wounds, and death, with the steady unconcerned air which is so peculiar to our troops and so singularly unlike the demeanour of men in battle as depicted by writers who have never seen one.

So much for the Reservist in general, and for his effect on the battalions into which he is drafted for war. Let us now complete our mental picture of him by a study of one or two individuals.

If the reader is good enough to remember that, on the night of February 22nd, I found myself in charge of the left of the two hills to which my battalion had been sent, he will readily imagine that when, after a cold and rainy night, dawn began to break, one of the first duties undertaken was that of communicating with the Colonel and his four companies on the other hill.

With this object I sent two or three messengers down the steep hill I was on, saw them run across the exposed ground in rear of the *nek*, and disappear on the other side; but after an absence of some duration the messengers returned and said that they could not find, or could not reach, the Colonel. By this time I had heard rumours from the men in my firing-line that troops had advanced on the right hill and suffered heavily.

Being anxious to hear how things were going with our companies, and also finding myself in a position to offer reinforcements, should they be urgently needed, as seemed possible, I asked the officer commanding the nearest company to select for me a messenger who would not be turned back by trifles. He immediately called up a lance-corporal, a comparatively young Reservist, with nothing about him that particularly attracted my attention. His captain (then in hospital, having been wounded at Vaal Krantz,) subsequently told me that throughout the campaign he had selected this man for any duty that required nerve and steadiness.

I am happily able to relate my messenger's adventures from his own modest and quiet narrative, contained in a letter written from hospital to his father and mother, as follows:

March 9th, 1900.

MY DEAR PARENTS,—I am glad to say that my condition is more favourable than when I last wrote; in fact I am getting on splendidly, the outside wounds are practically healed, but it will be some time before I am right again, the movement of my heart and lungs preventing the wound from healing inside. I promised when I last wrote to give you details as to how I got wounded, so here goes. [The writer then describes the night-march.]. . . . On Friday morning about 3.30 we commenced throwing up earthworks to protect us from a heavy fire expected from the left. We had finished that, and I had got nicely down under cover, when I was detailed as a messenger from the Major to the Colonel, who had command of the force on the right hill, we being on the left. The Major told me he had sent four men and they had been unable to find the Colonel, and I had been specially recommended to him by my company officer for the task, and I tell you I felt highly honoured, and vowed inwardly to find him or die in the attempt; but little did I think then what it was going to cost me. However I got down to the bottom of the hill and crossed the space of about fifty yards between the two hills success-

fully and advanced up the other one, where I found the —'s entrenched on the ridge. Here I asked a captain if he could direct me to my colonel, and he said "Yes." Pointing across about eighty yards of flat ground to the firing line, he said: "He is there; but what do you want to know for?" I told him I was conveying a message from the other hill, and he said: "My dear man, if you value your life, don't go; there have been dozens of men knocked over trying to reinforce them," and to give me a better heart he told me I should have three cross-fires to contend with. However I was determined to go, and pointed out to him that it was my duty to do so. So making myself as small as I could I darted across about thirty yards, and, finding the rifle-fire rather hot, I lay down on the ground. After I had got my wind, and they had ceased firing a bit, I got up and covered another thirty yards with success, the fire being hotter than ever; again I laid myself out flat and got my wind, I then being about twenty yards from the firing-line where there was plenty of cover and I should have been safe, but they had me spotted, for when I got up to make the final dash I had not gone more than five yards when I got it straight through the chest, this being about 5.30 a.m., and there I laid until 7 o'clock in the evening, the sun fetching the skin off my chest. I must close this long letter with my fondest love to you all from your loving son,

R.

P.S.—I hope you will not think I have written this for the sake of bravado, but it is simply the true facts of the case.¹

No bravado indeed; loving son, true Englishman, brave soldier!

Lance-corporal R. P. was, however, but one of many good men on that fatal hill, and he was not long permitted to lie in the open uncared for. Another company of the battalion lay hard by, and though to venture into the open was a task of the greatest danger, as appears from the above letter and from the testimony of all who were present, Private W. B.,

¹ This letter was printed in an English journal of April 14th, 1900, having been sent to that paper by the employer of the lance-corporal's father.

another Reservist, went out no less than four times from safe cover to dress the lance-corporal's wounds and to do what he could to assuage his sufferings. These brave actions were witnessed by a young officer of the regiment who reported Private B.'s conduct to me in writing on the same day. Both incidents, as it happened, also occurred under the observant eye of the officer whose letter to me concerning Major S.'s company has already been quoted. Save for a very natural mistake in believing that Lance-corporal P. was killed, his letter closely confirms that of the latter. After describing the conduct of Major S.'s company he continues:

[I] also saw one or two individual instances of splendid behaviour on the part of your men. The space between the rear line taken up before the retirement and the rear edge of the hill was difficult to cross, and some of the — (my regiment) made gallant attempts to come up to us. One corporal succeeded in reaching our line and was full of jokes when he had done so. Another man ran up and was shot before going many yards. With great bravery another man, also in your regiment, ran back to him and commenced to bandage him up. He died almost immediately but his last words were, "I've a letter for the Colonel." His comrades found the letter and brought it back to the line, when it was passed up to the left.

This description of the brave conduct of Lance-corporal P. and Private B. is a little hard to understand without knowledge of the ground, but it must be remembered that the Boer trenches were not continuous, nor did our companies advance simultaneously, in consequence of having had to start in the dark and in perfect silence. Thus it came about that though he had rushed to within twenty yards of the front position of the left company, Lance-corporal P. was still in the rear of the line to which the right company had fallen back.

To complete the story I have in my possession a note written by a young officer, who was present, to a brother subaltern. It runs thus: "Lance-Corporal P., H. Company, messenger, just arrived. He is wounded and cannot say who sent his message."

Perhaps the reader is weary of these reminiscences. "Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage;" but very dear to the regimental officer is the story of brave deeds done by his own men, and this fact must be my excuse for my prolixity.

There is, however, one more point concerning the Reservist, and the British soldier generally, on which I think a few words may well be said. What, does the reader suppose, is the motive which impels him, whom he is pleased to speak of in his kindest mood as "an absent-minded beggar," to lay down his life in his quiet, matter-of-fact way, for the country and Queen about whom he seldom speaks in enthusiastic terms? Is it

simply from blind discipline, as some are found to say?

No, a thousand times no! I who write have lived among soldiers since my boyhood, and I tell those who do not know it that the English soldier, like nine tenths of the class from which he springs, is at heart as truly a patriot as Horatius or Sir Richard Grenville. He does not howl out his devotion to his country with the noisy fervour whose life is short as the "light fire in the veins of a boy." Happily the national shyness, or pride, keeps him very silent on the subject of his feelings; and long may it be so. Yet in the intimacy for which war sometimes gives opportunity, I have sounded the thoughts of many men, and never have I failed to find a clear comprehension of the issues at stake, and a quiet but very resolute conviction that, cost what it might, the struggle in South Africa must be persisted in until England has her own again.